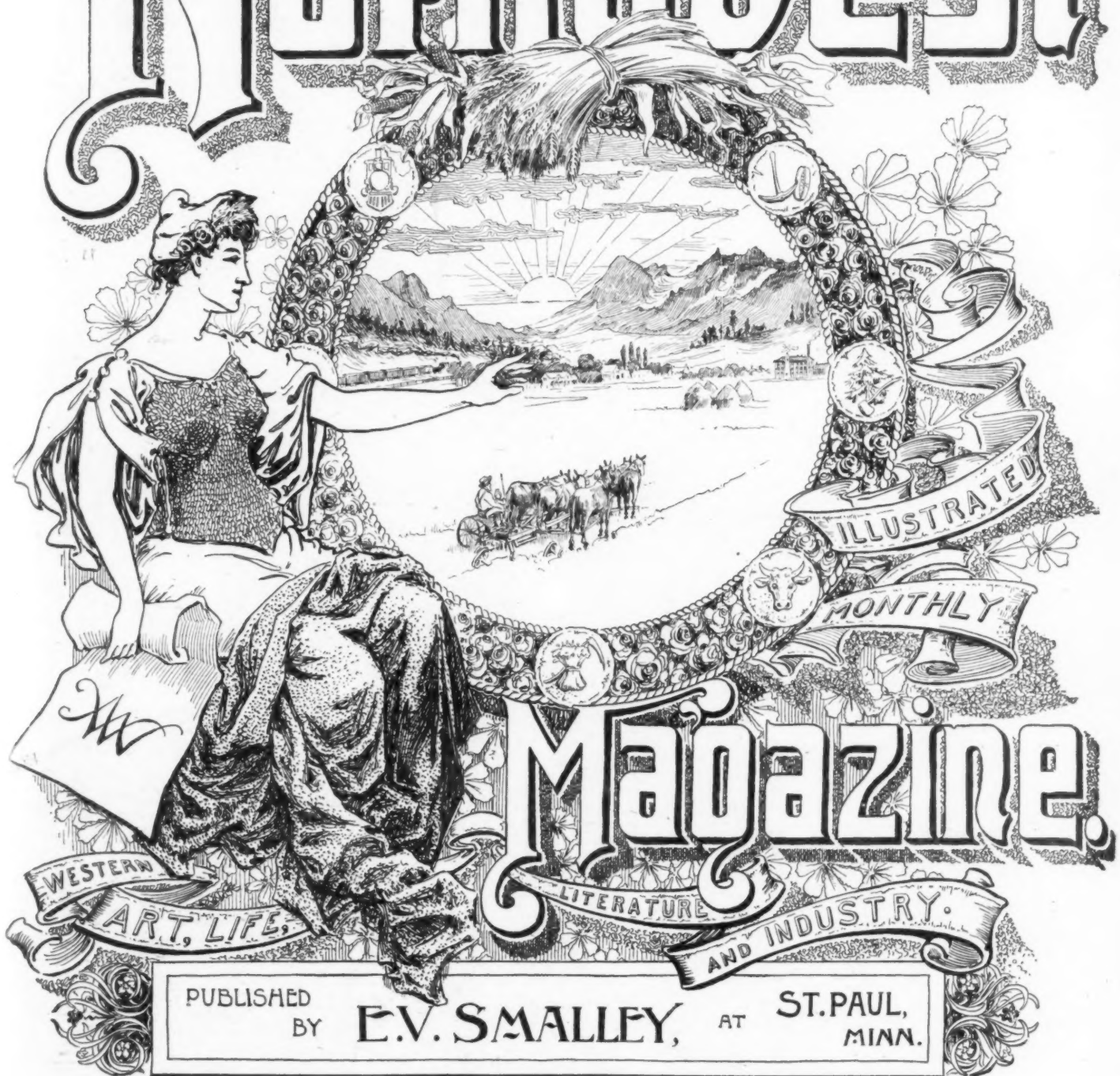


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The Northwest



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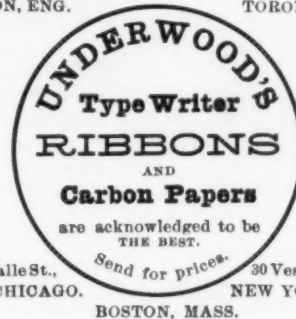
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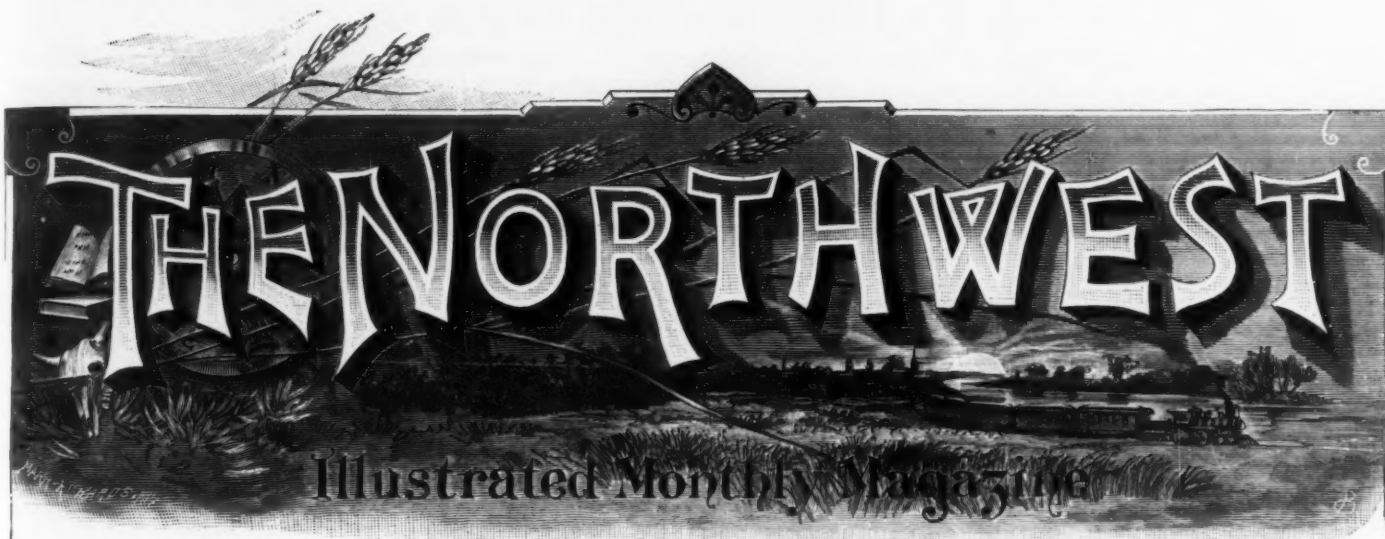
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VOL. XV.—No. 1.

ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1897.

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THE LAND OF THE NEZ PERCE.

BY EDWARD C. GOTTRY.

After the pleasure of a trip over the Northern Pacific route from St. Paul to the metropolis of Eastern Washington, with the ever-changing and never-wearying round of sight-seeing, it is difficult to tell where to begin an article descriptive of any portion of the Great West. Presuming that the reader has traveled from St. Paul over the vast prairies of North Dakota and through "Montana the Golden;" that he has caught a glimpse of Lake Pend d'Oreille in North Idaho, spent the night in Spokane, the pride of Eastern Washington, and is ready to push on to the "Land of the Nez Perce," we will take up our narrative at this point.

From Spokane, the Nez Perce Indian Reservation is reached by the Spokane and Palouse Railroad, a branch of the Northern Pacific system which leaves the main line at Marshall Junction, a few miles west of Spokane, and, traversing the famous Palouse Country, terminates at Julietta—about twenty miles above Lewiston, the gateway to the Reservation. A branch leaves the Spokane and Palouse at Pullman, in Washington, for Uniontown, Washington and Genesee in Idaho, each of which towns is connected with Lewiston, Idaho, by daily stage. After the journey over plain and mountain range, the eye is pleased by the sight which greets you as you enter the Palouse Country. Behind you lies the great grazing belt with its illimitable expanse of pasture-land, innumerable horses and cattle, scattered ranches, and the timbered belt of North Idaho; while before you is a pastoral panorama of rolling table-land, with ranches on every hand. The native grasses have given place to well-tilled fields and orchards; the mining-camp and stock-ranch are succeeded by comfortable farm-houses and neatly-built villages, while here and there in the valleys can be seen groves of pine and fir. As far as the eye can reach, whichever way you look, will be seen, stretching away over hill and valley, the evidence of thrifty husbandry—a pleasant change indeed! Through these scenes during the afternoon, even in the month of February, when nature is stripped of her gaudy dress of green, the trip is delightful and the few hours pass as day-dreams of youth.

From reveries we are aroused by the brakeman calling "Genesee," and we leave the train for the more primitive, and to us delightful, stage trip. Surrounded on every hand by the comforts of a home, with one's books and papers, with attentive porters and "itinerant merchant on trade intent," with comfortable berths and superb dining-cars, with elaborate menus, the trip thus far has been so comfortable that one almost tires of comfort and luxury, and, forgetting that he is traveling, looks forward with pleasant anticipation to a jolt over the country for thirteen miles in a stage-coach. Visions of the grand coaches of our grandfathers, with their rocking, swinging, jolting motion, filled our minds; but we were disappointed. Here, as in the railway coach, the progress of the nineteenth century was manifested, and a modern mountain wagon as comfortable as a rocking-chair took the place of the venerable coach of our fancy, and a ride of thirteen miles across one corner of the Reservation brought the stage, with all on board, to Lewiston. The trip is far from being devoid of interest. From the time Genesee is left behind to the summit or "rim-rock," a distance of four miles, one passes along a road on either side of which may be seen the homes of thrifty farmers, with comfortable buildings, well-fed stock, and, what to a resident of the Upper Mississippi Valley is even more interesting, orchards of apple, peach, pear, prune and plumb-trees, which, though now stripped of even their mantles of leaves, still speak in language truly delicious of a harvest of ruddy, luscious fruit. Nor does the traveler's interest terminate here; for, over to the right, an azure haze hangs over the Blue Mountains, almost obscures their outline, and leaves the imagination to picture what the vision fails to reveal. To the left the Bitter Root Mountains, capped with snow at this season of the year and reflecting the dazzling rays of the morning sun in a myriad of glistening colors, form a striking contrast to the somber-hued range to the right, and frame your picture with a variety of color. But our stage moves on and we are soon at the summit, having traveled in a southerly direction over the table-land. A beautiful sight here breaks upon us. Lying almost at our feet, yet nine miles distant, is the town of Lewiston, while between us and the town flows the Clearwater River, which, rising in the Bitter Root Mountains, drains the greater part of the Reservation country and, flowing in a northerly and westerly direction, mixes its waters with the Snake at Lewiston. Its valley here, even

at this season of the year, is quite green, and cattle, horses and sheep are grazing in the canyons, and the ranchman is sowing his grain. Though we stand in a temperate climate and feel the chilly winds such as Minnesota and Wisconsin experience in latter March or early April, we are gazing on a section blessed with a sub-tropical climate, where winter and summer are at this season of the year blended.

We now begin the descent. The plateau on which we have been traveling is more than 2,000 feet above the sea-level, while the river at Lewiston has an altitude of less than 700 feet. The descent opens to our view a scene less extensive but fully as interesting. The road, winding down the mountainside, gives the traveler an ever-changing scene. Here in a canyon is a farm or ranch with well-built house and comfortable out-buildings nestling between the hills; or, at your very feet, lies a deep chasm, the steep and almost precipitous sides of which are just now being turned by the plow and remind one of the Yankee who advised his son to buy a farm in a mountainous country where each acre sat on its edge and could be cultivated on both sides. Over on yonder hill is a shepherd surrounded by a large flock of sheep; while the treeless hills, with the out-cropping of basaltic rock for a background, remind one of the storied shepherds on the rock-strewn hills of Palestine. At the foot of the hills we cross the Clearwater and, driving along the river for a short distance, arrive at Lewiston, a town of 3,000 people and a strange mingling of mining-camp and modern city; but, withal, a beautiful place, romantic in situation, substantially built, and a very desirable town in which to reside.

But the Reservation is our quest. The lands now known as the Nez Perce Indian Reservation consist of a tract of land of irregular shape—its greatest length being from northwest to southeast—and comprising over 500,000 acres of the best land in Idaho. These lands were selected by the Nez Perce tribe for a permanent home when the limits of their Reservation were reduced in 1863. One thing may be accepted as an established fact, and that is that the Indian's natural instinct or intuition always prompts him to select the best land in his vicinity. Should he live in a timbered region, the best timber-land is selected; if on a prairie, he chooses the land most rich in natural grasses, most luxuriant in foliage and with a plentiful supply of water; if in a mountainous country, he selects lands that are fertile, well-watered, sheltered from wintry blasts, and which have a

good supply of game and fish; in fine, wherever he settles,—if Indians ever settle,—he selects his reserve where he can get the most with the least exertion on his part. Thus it is that the eye of the pale face is ever turned on the red man's domain. No better proof of this fact can be furnished than in the case in hand. For many years a small handful of Indians have held this empire, while on every side of them their white brother has made the land to blossom and to yield forth her fruit. It was not until November, 1895, that these lands were thrown open to settlement by whites. The Indians have taken land in severalty on the Reservation, most of which is along the Clearwater and Lapwai rivers, while some have located in the vicinity of Kamai in the southeastern part of the Reservation. The Clearwater River and its tributaries drain the Reservation.

The South Fork of the Clearwater enters the Reservation near the southeast corner and flows north about eleven miles, where it joins the Middle Fork at a point about five miles from where the latter stream enters the Reservation. The South Fork is composed of the Red River and the American River, the water supply of the Elk City mining districts. From the confluence of these two branches the stream flows in a northeasterly direction and near the eastern borders of the reserve. The Lolo Fork enters the Reservation from the east about twelve miles north of the confluence of the South and Middle forks; Jim Ford Creek and Glenn Oro Fino Creek enter from the east and empty into the Clearwater, and the North Fork of the Clearwater enters the Reservation from the northeast. These streams rise in the mountain ranges to the east and south of the Reservation, where the meltings of the heavy fall of mountain snow, and the innumerable mountain springs, insure an abundant water supply and produce in the Clearwater, as it crosses the northern end of the Reservation, a stream of pure spring-water of sufficient depth to be navigable for a considerable distance above Lewiston by vessels of light draft. The waters of the various streams flowing from the mountains, in which are immense deposits of gold, have washed the precious metal down the streams and deposited it in the bars along their respective courses, where prospectors carry on placer mining on a large scale.

The contour of the country, as well as its characteristics and climatic conditions, vary widely. In the small compass of the Reservation can be found climatic conditions and varieties of soil to suit all. The valley along the Clearwater shares with Lewiston the advantages of a sub-tropical climate and is admirably adapted to the culture of all fruits known to the American continent, except the orange and lemon. In these valleys, however, irrigation is essential to a sure crop, but this is accomplished easily. In many places water is obtained from the springs in the hills and conveyed by ditches and spouts to whatever locality it is desired to irrigate. Readers in the Mississippi Valley or in any of the Eastern States where the rainfall

is depended upon for moisture, are naturally prejudiced against irrigation, but one visit to the well-watered orchards of the Snake and Clearwater valleys will be sufficient to dispel all such prejudices and to convince the most skeptical that an irrigated farm or orchard is the safest and most profitable investment for the husbandman or horticulturist. The writer visited the fruit-farm of J. H. Evans at Riverside, on Snake River, six miles below Lewiston, and had a conversation with that gentleman on the fruit industry. His experience with different varieties of fruit is here given in his own language:

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"The age at which an orchard will come into profitable bearing depends much upon the variety of even the same kind of fruit. Apples of such variety as the Ben Davis, set out when two years old, will produce the fourth year 100 pounds per tree and the tenth year 500 pounds, or 25,000 pounds per acre, the yearly increase being steady until a maximum of 40,000 to 50,000 pounds per acre is reached.

"Owing to the earliness of the season of ripening, cherries have been found to be one of our most profitable fruits, as they come into market in advance of those grown in the Willamette Valley, Oregon, or in the Puget Sound Country. The trees grow very rapidly.

At six years of age they will produce 100 pounds of fruit per tree, and at maturity a yield of 20,000 to 25,000 pounds per acre will be secured. Plumbs and prunes flourish without an enemy either to tree or fruit. They come into bearing early, yield a profitable crop at four and five years of age, and when ten years old will yield 50,000 to 60,000 pounds per acre. The pear, which has been stricken with blight over so large a portion of the country, is here free from that scourge. Our fruit-growers are willing to challenge comparison in quality or size of fruit with that produced in any section of the United States. If permitted, the trees not infrequently produce fruit the first season they are planted. At five years of age they will produce 10,000 pounds per acre, and from that time on the increase is rapid.

"Those unacquainted with the wonderful growth made by the apricot tree, under favorable conditions, mistake trees of one year's growth for trees three or four years old. It often happens that trees in their second year produce twenty pounds of fruit and at ten years yield 35,000 to 40,000 pounds per acre.

"There are many persons residing in Eastern cities who have but a slight knowledge either of Idaho or Washington, but to whom "Snake River Peaches" is a household word and one ever in good "taste." Whether on exhibition or in the busy marts of trade, peaches from this section have met in

competition those produced in the favored sections of California, and have gained a reputation that is the pride of every one. The trees come into bearing early. At three years from planting they will produce fifty pounds of fruit per tree or 35,000 to 40,000 pounds per acre.

"The crop of berries that may be grown on an acre seems to be limited only by the amount of fertilizing material and water and care given them. Three to four thousand quart boxes of blackberries have been grown on an acre, and as many as four to six thousand boxes of strawberries of the largest size and finest quality.

"I think that, to convey an intelligent idea of the character of the country, it should be shown that an altitude of 3,000 feet—the difference between the river valleys and the table-



AS THE PRUNE GROWS.

ing recent years that fruit-growing as a commercial enterprise has been undertaken, and few, if any, of the orchards have reached maturity, so that it is a difficult matter to state how great an actual yield per acre may ultimately be obtained. The estimates following are gathered from the reports of a number of reliable parties and are in no wise exaggerations, but may be surpassed. While, as stated, fruit-growing for commercial purposes is only in its infancy, the local markets have long been supplied with fruit produced in this valley. The first settler in the country found old apple-trees in the vicinity of the Indian villages. On the banks of the Alpowa, a few miles from Lewiston, may be seen the old mission apple-tree; the seed from which it grew was brought to the

lands—shows as marked a difference in the climate, many times, as would be observed in a journey of 500 miles southward from Minnesota. Not only is there this marked difference in the temperature; it is also found in the moisture. Not infrequently it will snow all day on the summit of the hills, and often reach far down on the sides, while in the valleys it will neither snow nor rain. Owing to the difference in the soil and the amount of precipitation, good crops of grain and vegetables can be produced in the uplands, a few miles from the river, without artificial water supply, while here irrigation is necessary to insure success."

Mr. Evans' estimates are based on his experience at Riverside as well as on intimate acquaintance with the industry in that section. What is possible at Riverside is possible at any point in the valleys along the Clearwater. It must be born in mind that these valleys are not, in the strict sense of the term, arid, but semi-arid, as fine crops of grain are occasionally produced without resort to irrigation.

The grape industry should not be overlooked. What the Rhine is to grape-consuming Europe, the Clearwater is destined to be to America. Wine with a flavor equal to the best vintage of the Rhenish provinces has been produced from the infantine Clearwater vineyards. Many who have had experience in grape culture in Europe, as well as in California, pronounce the valleys of the Clearwater better adapted to the growth of grapes than either of those countries. Varieties of grapes which cannot be grown on the Rhine yield an abundant crop on the Clearwater, and varieties which prove a failure in the grape districts of California, do well here. The hills which wall in the Clearwater, presenting their sloping sides to the sun all day long, afford unexcelled facilities for laying out fine vineyards; while the underlying basalt rock, which crops out on the summits and along the sides of the hills, is an indispensable ingredient to the soil upon which grapes are to be grown. It is a well-known fact that growers on the Rhine haul basalt rock into their vineyards when a sufficient supply has not been provided by nature, and it is to the presence of the basalt that connoisseurs attribute the peculiar flinty flavor of Rhine wines. The Clearwater Valley is destined to be the home of a prosperous colony of grape-growers, and the bare hillsides, which now may be seen stretching away as far as the eye can reach, will in the near future be covered with vines from which shall hang, in rich clusters, the most luscious grapes that ever awaited the hand of the husbandman. Here all the conditions are favorable for the best results in grape culture. As to soil, the grape has proven itself adapted to so great a diversity of soils that, if the climatic conditions are suitable, it may safely be concluded that any good orchard land will be found adapted for the vineyard. Granting, then, that the soil is favorable, the next investigation should be as to other necessary conditions. Through years of continued observation French savants have demonstrated the number of degrees of daily mean temperature necessary to cause the vines to leaf out, bloom, and ripen the fruit. With the results of these experiments before us, we had the pleasure of looking over meteorological observations taken at Lewiston by Mr. Schleisher for the Government reports, and find that the temperature here is all that is required and that no more favorable locality exists for grape culture. Sunlight is of supreme importance in fruit-growing. Without light there is no fructification; it is not necessary that the want of light should be complete to bring about a failure of fruits; in fact, diffused light—as in cloudy weather—alone does not suffice. The plants

should have the direct rays of the sun, and the longer the vines receive the direct sunlight the larger the quantity and the finer the quality of the fruit. Without attempting to give tables in support of the claim of this section, we will say that official figures show the Clearwater Valley to rank among the first localities in the United States in point of clear days. As to the humidity of the atmosphere, it can be proven by figures from official sources that the Clearwater Valley is second to no point in America. This fact is largely due to its location and its remoteness from the sea. The above is theory, but in practice the theory has been fully sustained. Grape culture has, wherever tried, proved a most unqualified success and has yielded an excellent profit. By the most reliable and conservative authorities, the average yield is placed at three to five tons per acre, while as high as seven and a half tons have been raised. The average net price is \$60 per ton. Thus it will be seen that in the culture of the vine there is open to the home-seeker a field of labor both pleasant and profitable. In addition to fruit, all kinds of grain and vegetables do well on these lands, and the supply of

frame house in a small enclosure with a tepee of white canvas standing by its side—a number of cayuse ponies feeding about. The Nez Perce Indian is superior to most tribes in character. In cleanliness he is far superior, and, as a rule, his honesty would cause many of his white brethren to blush for shame. Extravagant though the statement may seem, the Nez Perce Indian fully sustains the character given him by Washington Irving in "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." Honest, hospitable, courteous, and of a religious turn of mind, he is far from being a disagreeable neighbor; but he is an Indian still. The nomadic habits of his race still cling to him and are evidenced by his tepee.

At the Agency we cross the river on a ferry owned and operated by a red man whose dusky visage, emerging from a small cabin on the south side of the river, answers your repeated "hello," and as he saunters stoically and leisurely down the river you have plenty of time to survey the landscape, for an Indian is never in a hurry when work is to be done. Behind you is the almost precipitous wall of the mountains, on whose side feed many horses



AN IRRIGATING FLUME NEAR HEAD-GATES ON ASOTIN CREEK AT LEWISTON, IDAHO.

"Irrigating a large tract of land just across the Snake River from Lewiston."

the local markets is drawn from this section. We have learned these facts at Lewiston, where, on every hand, we see evidence of the truth of the assertions.

But our desire to see the country is insatiable, and, as it is probable that no part of it will prove more to our liking than the valleys, a drive to Lapwai Agency is taken—a distance of about six miles up the Clearwater from Lewiston. The road at times skirts the mountains and then again passes over an opening in the hills, which reveals to view little valleys awaiting the fruit-tree and the vine; while at other times our course is along the bank of the beautiful stream or across the edge of a bar upon which the rippling water has deposited colorings of gold in quantities which yield a rich return to the industrious miner who toils even in the most primitive way, and from which large quantities of the yellow metal will be taken when improved machines are employed.

After reaching the limits of the Reservation we pass, here and there, the home of an Indian. In most cases it consists of a small, one-story

whose feats at climbing are almost beyond belief; while to the right, across and down the stream, stand the sawmill and grist-mill, erected by a generous Government for the Indians, and both of which are propelled by water. To the left you observe, on a bar further up the stream, a small mining outfit where a couple of busy miners, with pick and shovel, pan and rocker are busy gathering in the gold sands. Directly across the stream and in front of you lie the buildings of the Agency, principally small, one-story structures, neatly painted, but otherwise not unlike the Indians' houses. A blacksmith-shop and a carpenter-shop, a store or trading-post, a church and school and a large building which, from its shape and size as well as its surroundings, appears to have been built by the Government as a barracks, but which now serves for a hotel, completes the picture. We cross on the ferry and find, in a grove of trees not far from the bank, a cemetery where some of the graves are marked by slabs of marble and others by monuments of wood. One grave near the center of the enclosure is of

special interest. A well-beaten path, made by the feet of visitors as well as the moccasined feet of the natives, guides us to the spot where a white marble slab marks a lonely grave. On the slab is this inscription:

REV. HENRY HARMON SPALDING.

Born at Bath, N. Y.,

Nov. 26, 1803.

Commenced the Nez Perce Mission 1836.

Died among his people at Lapwai, I. T.,

August 3, 1874.

Aged 70 years, 8 months and 7 days.

Blest with many souls as seals to his ministry.

Involuntarily the visitor raises his hat and, with bared head, takes in the scene as his mind runs back over the story of the struggles of Whitman and Spalding in their efforts to carry the gospel to the Indians of the Pacific and "save Oregon." Authorities may differ as to their plans and the success of the latter part of their mission, but no man who visits the Nez Perce tribe of Indians will question the success of the former. This simple piece of marble marks the resting place of this devout man; but a tribe of Indians, soundly converted to the principles of the Christian religion,—honest, virtuous and devout,—is a better, a more lasting and glorious monument to a life of pious self-denial. Little wonder is it that the grass is worn from this path by the feet of natives who, it is said, often repair to this quiet spot and there, by the side of this lonely grave, offer up their prayers to the "God of the White Man," first made known to the Nez Perce by him whose body lies beneath the sod, so far from the graves of his fathers.

But time passes. A drive of a few miles up the valley of Lapwai Creek brings us to old Fort Lapwai, a deserted Government military post, now given over to the better way of civilizing the Indians by means of the spelling-book and the primer. Here, in a hall where troopers' boots and rattling saber once resounded, may be heard the voices of the rising generation of the Nez Perce braves conjugating verbs or marching to an attack on the multiplication tables; while the Nez Perce damsel, coyly peeping out from under her heavy eyebrows, is discovered deep in geography and United States history. In the dormitory for girls—the erstwhile barracks—you may see the dusky fingers deftly sewing in the dressmaking or tailoring department, or perchance you may hear their voices raised in song as they gather round the piano, presided over by one of their number. Though now given over to the pursuit of learning, the old spot still retains a martial appearance, and the uniformed figures of the boys, as they move about here and there, add to the military aspect. Not only in appearance but



A BOX OF LEWISTON VALLEY PEACHES.

Two layers; count them.

in sound, also, does the "fort" still live; for, as we walk about the grounds, the strains of "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue," "Marching through Georgia" and other airs come from the distance, and over on the parade-grounds we descry a troop of dusky soldiers—boy soldiers—marching, countermarching and wheeling, now advancing, now retreating, while a brass band of the Nez Perce boys furnishes the music. Studies are over for the day, and the boys are having their afternoon drill. The precision with which they execute the several movements is noticeable and, to the civilian, is creditable, though to a man of military training it might seem different. The band plays "Home, Sweet Home," which just reminds us that we have a long drive before reaching the place which we call home. A hasty farewell to Capt. Ed. McConville, the superintendent, and to his estimable wife, and we are away again.

The valley of Lapwai Creek is the home of the Lapwai band of Nez Perce, and here many of them have taken their allotments under the act opening the Reservation. A more beautiful spot could not be found. As we find our way down the road on this beautiful, balmy evening in January, comfortable without overcoats and listening to the babbling creek by our side, we cannot but feel that the Nez Perce have made a wise selection. Up to this time our visit has been wholly in the Northern part of the Reservation, and time will not permit of

a detailed description of the whole area. It is enough to say that within the boundary lines of this vast domain lies a tract of land which will in a short time be settled by at least 3,000 industrious, happy farmers. This is no mere speculation, for here are the same conditions which have made the surrounding country one of the best and wealthiest of the Pacific Northwest. To the west and northwest spreads out the famous Palouse Country, famed as one of the wealthiest and most extensive wheat-raising sections west of the Red River Valley, and the Potlatch Country, which is but a part, or at least a continuation, of the Palouse. These sections join the Reservation on the north and are distinguishable from it only by reason of the fact that the Indian lands have remained in their native state, while the white man has brought the adjoining farms to a high state of cultivation. The lands in the Reservation north of the Clearwater are of the same character and will henceforth be known as parts of the Palouse and Potlatch sections.

On the eastern borders of the Reservation the Clearwater, where it flows in a northerly direction, is skirted by forests of heavy timber which extend up to the canyons and constitute one of the elements of wealth in this section. The cedar and the white pine of this region are of rare quality and in quantity sufficient to supply the local markets. Near the southeastern corner of the Reservation, and just over its boundary, is a beautiful little park of 2,000 acres or more, parallel to the Clearwater, in which a town site has been platted. This is near the only bridge over the river and ten miles closer to the famous gold-camps of Elk City and Dixie than the old established trading-points of Grangeville and Mount Idaho. For eighteen miles to the northward, which is the course of the river, the canyons are deep and contracted until, widening out again within the limits of the Reservation, they enclose other little valleys. Like oases scattered over a desert, the winding course followed by the Clearwater is marked by a series of similar parks strung along through the rough and timbered country.

West of this section and lying on the higher plateau, extends the Cold Springs Prairie, which comprises a large tract of land and is identical with the Camas Prairie to the southward and the Potlatch to the north, and is on the opposite bank of the Clearwater. The soil is highly productive. Forty to fifty bushels of wheat per acre is an average yield, though a ranch over which we drove produced seventy



A BOX OF YELLOW EGG PLUMS.

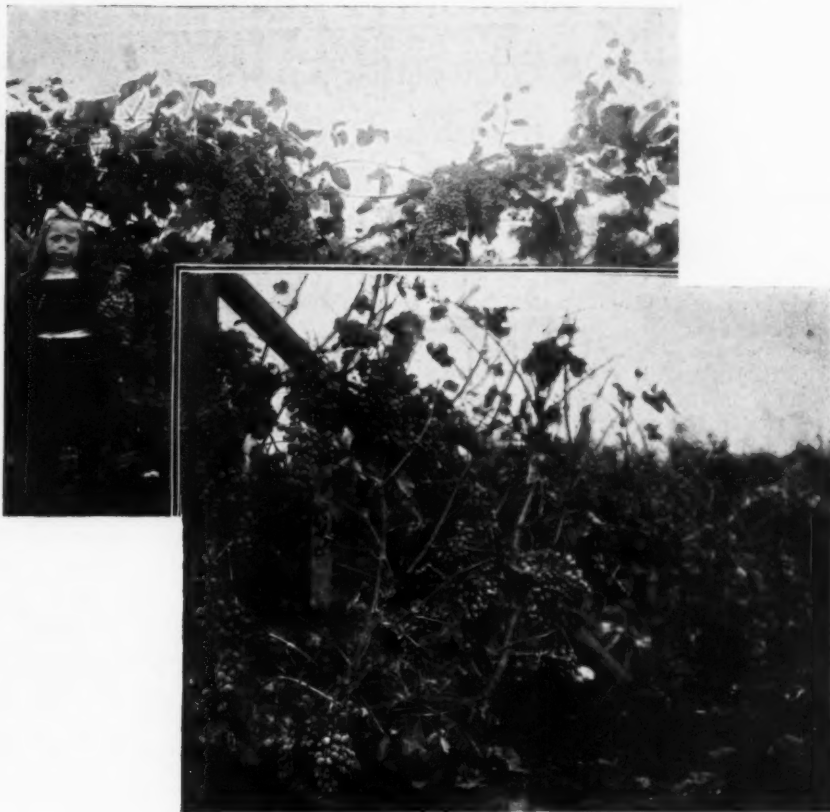
Grown in Lewiston Valley by J. H. Evans.

bushels to the acre in 1895. Barley yields sixty to 120 bushels to the acre, while oats do equally well. Corn, which does not mature in the Palouse, in the Cold Springs Prairie does well and can be raised profitably. The vegetable products are equally good, growing to a remarkable size and in great abundance. Potatoes are especially good and a "volunteer crop." Many of the farmers in this section leave the portion of their crop not required for consumption or marketing in the ground all winter, dig what they need in the spring, and leave the rest to sprout and furnish seed for another crop. Flax is also a profitable crop, destined to be one of the staples and second only to wheat.

It must be born in mind that this section is on the plateau at an average elevation of 1,800 or 2,000 feet above, and is therefore entirely different from, the valleys. Here the climate is nearer that of the temperate zones, though much warmer than the Upper Mississippi Valley, and irrigation is unnecessary. The winters are very short, and but little snow falls. Fruit, such as apples, plums, prunes, pears, apricots and nectarines are a sure crop. Peaches can be raised, though the crop is variable and not so sure as in the valleys. Trees come into bearing early. A gentleman from the Potlatch Country stated that his orchard, three years old, averaged for the season of 1895 one bushel of fruit to the tree. Cherries and berries do well, are of excellent quality, and grow in abundance. This section is destined to become the wealthiest and most populous farming section in Western Idaho.

Toward the southwest, and just beyond the reserve, is the Craig Mountain Country. This section was for some time considered especially adapted to grazing, and it was not until after much of the other lands in the vicinity had been taken up that close attention was paid to these plateaus; but, when once put under cultivation, the abundant yield of small grain, fruit and vegetables surprised even those who were accustomed to the bountiful harvests of Western Idaho. From Lewiston to Lake Waha at the southwest corner of the Reservation is the old-settled farming portion of Nez Perce County, known as the Clearwater Basin. The land is all in good, productive farms, yielding a good living to their owners. Over the invisible line which marks the confines of the reserve, the soil is just as good and the climatic conditions exactly the same. From Lake Waha, in a southeasterly direction, lies a belt of yellow and black pine and fir and tamarack timber, extending to the "breaks" of Salmon River a distance of about eighteen miles. This land is settled and merges into another stretch of open country which is a part of the Camas Prairie section previously mentioned. We have thus endeavored to give a description of the country surrounding the Reservation on all sides, in order that the reader may form an opinion as to the possibilities of the Reservation proper. One glance at a map of the section will satisfy the most skeptical of the possibilities of the Nez Perce Reservation. With a bountiful supply of water and a climate varying from the sub-tropical of the valleys to the temperate of the plateau and mountain; with a contour representing almost every phase of nature, from the level bottom-land to the rugged mountainside, and an agricultural and horticultural future such as few places on the continent can boast, the Nez Perce Reservation offers opportunities to the home-seeker which are unsurpassed.

One fact should not be lost sight of: the settler on the Nez Perce Reservation is not going into an unknown region to undertake the privations of a pioneer life, but is settling in a garden spot reserved from the surrounding



IN LEWISTON, VALLEY VINEYARDS.

1. "Won't you have a small bunch?" 2. How Black Hamburg grapes grow.

farms. His lot will be cast among a class of people such as is seldom met with in a new country. On every hand are churches, schools, and civic societies. The Reservation lies within sound of the bell on the State Normal School at Lewiston, while the State Agricultural College at Moscow is less than twenty miles from the northern boundary. Nor is this all. The settler will not be taxed for county and municipal improvements, as these things have been provided. Nez Perce County now owns a magnificent court-house which cost \$50,000. The county is wealthy, and its finances are in excellent condition and managed economically. The Reservation lands can be entered at the United States Land Office at Lewiston for a mere trifle, while the lands adjoining are held at fifty dollars per acre and sell readily at that figure. The markets for fruit, grain, vegetables or live stock are unsurpassed. Lewiston, the commercial metropolis of this vast area, has an abundance of capital to handle the business of the entire section; while the Elk City, Pierce City and Florence mining districts, back in the Bitter Root Mountains, consume large quantities of the produce and furnish an excellent market, besides being an important factor in the production of wealth in Western Idaho.

What is the future to bring forth? One glance at the past, with the drawbacks of pioneer life; with lack of capital and of transportation facilities; with over half of Nez Perce County held in reserve for a handful of Indians and the gateways of commerce hemmed in by a semi-civilized race, an agricultural community has existed within the county whose annual shipments of grain exceed \$100,000 in value, whose live stock shipments in 1895 were valued at \$500,000, and whose fruit shipments, though the industry is in its infancy, amounts to a princely sum—all this in the face of the discouragements attendant on the first settlement of a section.

"Money talks," is a familiar saying and one that it is always safe to follow. No better evidence of the bright future awaiting the fruit industry of Nez Perce County can be found than that a corporation known as the Lewiston Water and Power Company has been organized within the past year, composed largely of Boston capitalists, to own and to irrigate a large tract of land known as the Asotin Flats, just across the Snake River from Lewiston. This land will be divided into small fruit farms and sold with a perpetual water right. What better argument can be asked in favor of the fruit industry of the Clearwater, than that it can attract capital across the continent for investment in such an enterprise at a time when capital was in hiding throughout the whole country? These farms will be set out to trees immediately, and inside of five years a five-acre farm of well-kept trees will support a family and yield a comfortable income each year.

Up to the present time the markets in the vicinity have consumed the products of the Clearwater Valley, as the fruit here comes into market earlier than in any other section of the United States, except Southern California, and is therefore first in market and first in price; but, in order to care for any surplus of crop, a canning factory will be put in and all surplus fruit and vegetables will be preserved and shipped to the Eastern markets, while the prunes, peaches, cherries and apples, which now find their way into the Eastern markets dried, will be greatly increased in quantity.

Several lines of railroad are headed toward Lewiston. The Northern Pacific Company has a line graded to the Reservation limits, and has been kept from Lewiston simply because it could not get permission to cross the Reservation. Now that this barrier has been removed and the Reservation is thrown open to settlement, a new era of prosperity awaits Nez Perce County.

THE ANGEL OF THE WANNEGAN.

By Franklyn W. Lee.

Looking from the lower bridge one saw the sweeping curve of the Mississippi, the gracefully bending limestone bluffs which formed background and horizon to the northward and eastward, while between and to the river bend stretched the lowlands, now brightening under the touch of nature. In the foreground, beyond the muddy, swirling current, lay the wannegan. It was moored close to the narrow dike, which began at the levee and which the Government had put in, during the previous summer, for the purpose of improving the channel of a river which Providence alone could have rendered reasonably navigable at that point. It differed very little from the rest. The wannegans, or houseboats, along the Mississippi are not conspicuous, save in the eyes of a stranger, and this particular water homestead stood out only because of its color. The other wannegans of that humble, motionless fleet were dingy, weather-beaten and scarcely distinguishable from the dun background of flat and mound. The one occupied by the O'Connells, however, had once been painted white; the small, eye-like windows had once been bordered by broad bars of green; around the scow-hull were the fading traces of an irrelevant, almost frivolous, red stripe. When the paint was new and the finery of garb more distinct, the adornments had been regarded by the occupants of the other wannegans as assumptions of unwarranted aristocracy—as evidences of exclusiveness, almost a jeering insult to the monotonous unpretentiousness of the rest. But that, surely, had not been James O'Connell's intention. He had always the Irishman's pride of race, but never the pride of prosperity. There were times when, sitting as the central figure of a group of neighbors, he told of the line of his ancestry, of the O'Connells of the "Ould Dart," of what his family had once been and of what his own branch had descended to,—himself an humble toiler on the streets by day and a fisherman by night,—but that was all. He jested at his own scars, and rounded off his recital with a merry tale of bog or glen.

He was moderately content. There was the wannegan, which, if small, was as much to himself and family as the railway magnate's baronial mansion on the brow of the bluff was to the dear ones of the multi-millionaire. There were the children—that was it! He was Irish to the core; his family was his pride, and the dwellers in the wannegan settlement knew that it was for Rose O'Connell that he had wasted his substance in a very riot of pigment and transformed his home into a gaudy houseboat. When this became generally known they did not blame him, for Rose was almost as dear to them as to him. They remembered her as a pretty, blue-eyed babe lying in the arms of Mrs. O'Connell when the O'Connell's acquired the Mississippi homestead of the Murphys, and moved in years before. They recalled her as a bare-legged sprite, old beyond her years, wise beyond understanding, invaluable to her fading mother, and the savior of young Dan, who seemed to yearn from very birth for a watery grave. They could see her vividly as a budding Rose—with skirts a trifle longer, with shoes and stockings, with better proportions, with a ma-

tronly twist to her abundant hair, with more depth to her blue eyes. It was about that time that Father Halloran was called upon to administer the final sacrament to the mother, who, during all the toilsome years of her exile, had never ceased her longing for Ireland. Then, in a day, in an hour, they saw Rose grow still older and attain almost perfect maturity. Always a helpmeet, she took her mother's place. Her father and brother, the latter now a sturdy little lad, missed the tender, sweet-faced woman who had been all in all to them; but they thought of Rose, and told each other, in a crude fashion, that God had been good to them. Like the wannegan, O'Connell began to show his years; but, even as Rose brightened their home and made it the equal of a palace, in like manner she brightened the heart within him.

As the women loved her, as the children adored her, it was but natural that the men—particularly the younger ones—should take a deep interest in the blossom by the river bank. O'Connell sighed heavily, now and then, and more often with each succeeding day, as he looked at her; for what would himself and young Dan do if she were to leave their wannegan and go to another? It was assuredly their unhappy fate and her natural destiny; for there was Finerty, who had a steady job on the water-works shift, and there was young O'Brien, who was employed in the big freight-house on the other side of the river. Both liked Rose and were inclined to woo her. They were neighbors, friends, likely young fellows in their way, to the wannegan born—in reality the most eligible young men in Waterville, as the newspapers termed the colony. Finerty, to be sure, had made love to every girl on every wannegan and had twice been sent to the workhouse at the end of protracted sprees; but a youngster must have his fling, and he would settle down in time. O'Brien was steady enough, but his temper was impish, almost, in its fiery intensity. O'Connell sighed, too, because he had not been able to give his girl advantages, to educate her, to make her a lady; but that was only a dream he had cherished in a vague sort of way as she lay in her cradle, and poverty is a slayer of dreams. He had not been able to rise above his station to the one-time level of an O'Connell; so, necessarily, she could not hope to rise above hers. It was her fate to end life where she had practically begun it. Finerty and O'Brien stood at the gates of the future; she must choose between them.

Once, when her father was unusually preoccupied, she questioned him closely, and, all unwilling, he told her what was in his thoughts. For a moment she was deeply serious, perplexed; then she laughed, in that rollicking Irish fashion which is so infectious.

"I can't help it, father," she said, when he frowned his disapproval of her levity. "What do I want to be marrying for, when I have you and Dan and the wannegan? I have trouble enough as it is. Is it Finerty?—him that would make me black and blue with his two fists after a wake! Or O'Brien? Father, it's dead I'd be with him in a month!"

"Well, hov it yer own way, Rosie," quoth her father, indulgently, bending forward to stroke

her hair. "It's not me thot's anxious to part wid ye, colleen, an' if ye say the worruld I'll kape Finerty an' O'Brien away if it teks a club."

"Do it, father, and more power to your arm!" she replied, with a toss of her head. "I'm too busy to think of a husband, too poor to support one, and too wise to pick either of them."

O'Connell breathed more freely and went about with a lighter heart; but the two eligible young men of Waterville were not to be thus lightly thrust aside. The "Angel of the Wannegan"—a susceptible reporter had once called her that in a description of scenes during a freshet—was a magnet to each, and if Finerty was not haunting the dike, O'Brien was, and the two worried her not a little. Other girls in her "set" would have been charmed had one, even, of the two young men paying serious court to her, turned his eyes toward them. Indeed, it was flippantly remarked at the Clancy christening that she might well take advantage of her opportunities before she lost them; but Rose was unhappy with either of her ardent admirers, and bothered much by both. She gave them scant courtesy for their pains, but it merely increased their ardor. She invariably gave young Dan a prominent place whenever they came, but they did not mind. She appealed to her father, but he could do nothing smacking of the unneighborly, and finally she was compelled to fall back upon her own natural resources. She flayed them with her sarcasm, impaled them upon the barbs of her native wit and stung them with her laughter, but they bore it all meekly for her sake, feeling, each in his way, that retaliation could well be postponed until after the wedding.

Meanwhile, Finerty and O'Brien began to eye each other suspiciously. Slowly but surely the monster with the green eyes obtained a firm hold upon them, surcharging their crudely governed hearts with unreasoning, vindictive jealousy. If Finerty called, O'Brien watched the wannegan from a distance; if O'Brien paid his devoirs, Finerty listened undisturbed, for the terrier was his friend and made no noise. The result, shrewdly foreseen by those who were grimly watching the humble comedy, was inevitable. O'Brien caught Finerty at the key-hole one evening. High words followed, and truth stood revealed. In her white light both men appeared as suitors, and, knowing well that Rose would not choose, they decided upon the primitive trial by combat as a means of deciding which one should have the field entirely to himself. The details were quietly arranged, and the male residents of Waterville who grouped themselves, on that night of nights on the flats, around the brawny aspirants to the hand of the Angel, will aver to this day that it was a fine fight, replete with force if lacking in absolute science. And no one was sorry that Finerty was almost killed. The men applauded O'Brien's victory, and the women rejoiced in Finerty's complete punishment.

Finerty, however, was not without comfort, for O'Brien had sacrificed everything for the laurels of that vicious encounter. Rose was furious when the news of the fight reached her. True, she was the mistress of a wannegan; she was in nowise, from a worldly standpoint, above her surroundings; but within her, deep-rooted and permanent, there were the elements of refinement, the essentials which lifted her spiritually above her associates and imparted to her sweet face that incomprehensible expression which had led the intuitive reporter to allude to her as the "Angel of the Wannegan." Although she could not rightly tell why, it made her flush with shame to think that she had been the prize in a rough-and-tumble fight, her name bandied ruthlessly. It was no novelty for Waterville: brides had been fought for and

won; but they—well, they were women different from Rose O'Connell, and her anger and mortification were too deep for mere words. Her father dared not explain the custom nor chide her for her childish notions of the eternal fitness of things. Her dead mother looked forth from her blue eyes and silenced him. When O'Brien finally came he pleaded humbly, almost tearfully, for a hearing; but her father sternly drove him back across the threshold, and from that day the Angel kept more to herself.

* * *

The dike, in the course of time, needed repairs. At least, there was the appropriation lying idle, and the channel must be kept "navigable," even though boats of moderate draught grounded miles below. The O'Connell wannegan, as it happened, stood in the way, and the engineer in charge of the work ordered his men to move it. Young Daniel O'Connell, perched upon the steps and watching the proceedings with suspicion lurking darkly in his typically Irish eyes, saw the skirmish line approaching and scurried in to sound the alarm to his sister.

"The break does not amount to much," the engineer was saying to the newspaper man who had crossed the river that morning to see what was being done, "and in a few days the dike will be as good as it ever was; but—Am I dreaming, or is it really possible that such loveliness exists here?"

The door of the wannegan had opened and Rose O'Connell was standing there, surveying them inquiringly, while young Dan pointed excitedly.

"That is the 'Angel of the Wannegan,'" said the reporter, simply.

Gently as they were uttered, the words were caught by the "Angel," who colored more than a trifle as she recognized the prowler who had visited her home during the last flood.

"The wannegan is in the way a little," the newspaper man volunteered, approaching the steps and facing her frankly, "and the men are about to move it. You need not be alarmed."

"I am not afraid," she said, her self-possession returning. "The house isn't numbered, and the letter carrier knows where to find the wannegan on St. Valentine's day."

Descending to terra firma and turning her back squarely upon the Government official, whose admiration, expressed in his face, was so evident as to be almost impertinent, she chatted freely with the man who had given her the new name.

"You don't come over here very often," she said, half-questioningly.

"No. Unless there is a flood or Government work there is no news, generally speaking. Some day, perhaps, when it is dull, I'll bring the artist over here and fix up an article about Waterville."

"You mean the man that makes the pictures?" she asked, her brows knit perplexedly.

"Yes."

"There, Miss—Miss Angel," said the engineer, awkwardly, envying the newspaper man his acquaintance; "the men have moved the wannegan and you will not be disturbed again."

"Thank you, sir," she said, merely turning her head in acknowledgment, and again facing the newspaper man. The engineer, perceiving that for some reason he was not in favor, frowned, wheeled about and went back to his men, while the girl continued:

"Did you hear what he called me? Miss 'Angel.' Miss 'Angel,' indeed! Do I look like an angel?" she demanded.

"Yes," he responded, calmly and with never a twinkle in his honest eyes. "I have seen paintings,—pictures of angels painted by great men,—and sometimes you remind me of them."



"You tell her," said Evans, quietly, when the priest threw an inquiring glance in his direction."

She pondered a moment.

"What paper do you work for?" she asked, abruptly.

"For the *Herald*. My name is Evans—Charles Evans."

"Then it was you that called me the 'Angel of the Wannegan' in the paper. It was in the *Herald*. Father read it."

"Yes, it was I. I saw your face and thought of the pictures I had seen. I talked with you; I listened to what the women said of you. One old lady said that you were an angel."

Rose did not speak. A far-away look had drifted into her eyes. Once she would have laughed heartily and bantered him, but that was long ago. She wondered what he would say if he knew that, for her sake, to decide which should be her suitor, two men had fought like a pair of hyenas. Would he think her an angel? How could he single her from the mass? By what token was he to know her for what she inwardly was and longed to be?—this quiet, slight man, whose face bore the stamp of refinement and intellectuality, whose general bearing was such as to lift him immeasurably higher than the men of the wannegans, his every aspect betokening his coming from another world than theirs. The Angel sighed. Solitude in a wannegan was beginning to lose its charm. For the first time in her life she hated to return to that which had ever been her home and must ever be her prison. Evans caught the sigh, and endeavored to analyze the change which had driven the light from her face.

"You are not angry?" he ventured.

"N-o," she said, slowly. "Only—"

"Only this is no heaven to an angel like yourself," he said, impulsively, responding to in-

tuition. "This is a poor setting for an Irish jewel. Why don't you leave this place?"

"I have father, and Dan," she rejoined, simply. "This is my place—forever."

Evans, deeply touched, did not speak; and she, her face still averted, slowly and sadly re-entered the wannegan.

"There's no denying it," said the engineer, coming up; "a newspaper man always has the best of it."

"Probably it is because he can discern a lady, even in the mistress of a wannegan," the reporter suggested, sweetly, walking away.

The next day, and the next, found Evans upon the dike. Every few days he made it a point to visit Waterville, drawn thither unconsciously, until Rose grew to look for him and to feel that in some detail the day was incomplete unless his presence brightened it. Ostensibly, he was there to watch the progress of the Government work, but in reality he went to see how the days were dealing with Rose. There was something so inexpressibly sweet about this waterside flower as to make her presence there an incongruity to which he could not possibly reconcile himself. Once he met the father, whom he found to be a bluff, good-natured Irishman, with no more of the brogue than was necessary to the perfection of the type. O'Connell gave him a cordial welcome and grew communicative between whiffs, and the inbred courtesy with which Evans listened won the father and charmed the daughter. There was nothing of the snob about him. O'Connell lived in a wannegan, but he was an honest, sincere man, and he knew more about the policy of government than men of finer pretensions.

And once, as Evans was returning to the other side of the river, he found himself con-

fronted by a brawny young fellow—the redoubtable Finerty, *in propria persona*.

"Ye're a reporter, I take it?" said the defeated suitor, boldly.

"Yes," Evans replied, perplexedly.

"An' ye're often at the O'Connell wannegan?"

"Perhaps; but—" Evans began coldly, his face growing sterner.

"Rose O'Connell has eyes only for ye. Ye have only to say the word—one way or another," Finerty continued, with a confidential leer.

The newspaper man, who had thought at first that he was being interrogated by some one who objected to his visits to the flower of the colony, felt his temper rise to such a pitch that he could have throttled the speaker with good grace; but the discipline of his profession had taught him better. Crowding back his passion, he scrutinized Finerty closely.

"You were in the police court not a great while ago, I think," he said, keenly.

"Sure, a bit of a spree," Finerty returned, shifting uneasily under the steady, penetrating gaze.

"The police have not found the men who broke into the West Side Station the other night, but I hear they have an idea who committed the robbery," Evans remarked, irrelevantly.

"Of course, it's not my business if ye like the O'Connell girl," said Finerty, hurriedly, glancing furtively about.

"I heard the chief say, last night, that one of the men belonged among the wannegans."

"It's not often that the likes of ye comes here, an' I thought I'd be friendly an' give ye a tip that Rosie likes ye."

"Thanks," said Evans, abruptly leaving him.

As Finerty walked away, now chuckling to think that O'Brien would soon lose all hope of ever winning Rose, now wondering whether the reporter had spoken seriously about the robbery, now glancing back to see if he was followed, the thunder of hoofs sounded behind him. He turned livid when he caught the flash of stars and saw the blue coats of the police. Pulling his cap down hard, he ran like a deer for a few yards, the horses apparently plunging in pursuit of him. Then he stopped short, cursing himself for having been such a fool, and paused by the wayside until the patrol-wagon swept by him. A man's blanketed form lay inside; he could see the soles of the heavy shoes.

That night Evans learned that James O'Connell, employed on street improvements, had been caught by the caving-in of a trench and had been injured internally. At midnight, the Angel and her brother were orphans.

* * *

Evans did not intrude upon her in her hour of sorrow; he felt that it was sacred. He did not even haunt the vicinity of Waterville. Instead, he sought out Father Halloran and made the good priest his almoner. He gave a trifle, as he called it, toward the funeral; he gave another toward the masses to be said. He was not a Catholic; his religion, in fact, was rather nebulous; but he appreciated the fitness of things.

"You love Rose O'Connell," the priest averred, shrewdly, after an awkward pause.

"Am I to blame for that?" Evans asked, confusedly, coloring under the other's scrutiny.

"Are you aware of the danger?"

"To whom?"

"To her—to both, perhaps."

"There is no danger in honest love."

The priest's eyes brightened, and he looked more kindly.

"True," he muttered, absently. "There is no danger in honest love. Sometimes it brings its portion of sorrow, but it is ever sweet and

holy. Still, Mr. Evans, consider the difference in your stations. She is among the poorest of the poor, while you—"

"I am not rich—newspaper men seldom are," said Evans, with more than a touch of irony. "Poverty is the self-inflicted jest of the fourth estate. Still, love levels all things. It has lifted me as high, you see, as the Angel."

"If you are sincere," the priest ventured, doubtfully, after a pause, "well and good. But a hasty marriage—"

"Let that pass for the time being," counseled Evans, as he prepared to depart. "Do not fear for your Rose, father. You have known me as a newspaper man for some time past; you are at liberty to learn of me as a man, if you so desire. I am not of your church—I am not of her world; it seems to me, now and then, that I am not worthy of her; but I love her—believe me, sir—as every good woman should be loved. It is not a passing fancy, but a fixed desire. She is above the wannegan. To leave her there would be to pervert her, to spoil a noble woman. If she will go, I shall be good to her. Unless you doubt me, meet me there on Thursday evening."

When Thursday evening came, Evans presented himself at the door of the wannegan. Rose smiled faintly, at first, in warm recognition, in token of her gladness at his coming; then her face resumed its expression of settled melancholy, relieved only by the slumbering resentment deep in her eyes. She was womanly, indefinitely spiritual, unconsciously superior to her surroundings; but her untrained nature could not grasp the manly delicacy which had kept him in exile during the height of her grief. She would have had him there at the funeral, at the "wake," or before, and it had grieved her to think that he did not come. Evans, somewhat puzzled at the outset, soon defined her mood.

"I have stayed away, Angel, he said, "because I am practically a stranger, and strangers can have no part in such sorrow as you have had to bear."

"I missed you," she said, opening the door and admitting him. "Still, I might have known. 'Twas you that sent the carriages, and made the funeral a grand one."

"Father Halloran must have—" he began, half-angrily.

"So it *was* you," she said, her eyes softening and the old-time smile breaking a little through the gloom of her face. "Finerty said he saw you going in and out of Father Halloran's. It was the good heart in you, sir, and you have a poor girl's thanks. Poor father! It was what I would have done for him if there was money to be had at all."

The visitor turned impatiently, wondering why the priest did not come, and mentally vowing to fasten the burglary of the West Side Station upon the officious Finerty and send him to the penitentiary for his pains. He tried to talk of something else,—of the value of the wannegan, of her plans, of young Dan, who lay huddled upon the cot in the corner, slumbering lustily,—but she was perverse, and insisted upon softly expressing her gratitude in quaint fashion, which had the twist of the blackthorn, the ripple of Killarney and the solidity of nature. The moments passed, and still the priest did not come. Rose was not aware of the appointment; but she did not wonder why her visitor was so reserved. It pleased her to have the field of expression to herself, and she used it to the best advantage until there came a hurried step outside, and Father Halloran entered.

"His reverence!" cried Rose, starting up and bustling about to hide her momentary confusion at being thus abruptly discovered with Evans.

"Yes. I am late, Mr. Evans," he said, apologetically, turning to the caller, "but I was unavoidably detained. Well, Rose, my poor girl, what have you said?"

"What have I said, is it? What have I said to what, father?" she inquired, perplexedly.

"To what Mr. Evans—"

"Oh! What have I said to *him*, father?" she said, her eyes shining. "I have said all that is in my heart. I could do no less, and I could say no more."

"Then you have—"

"Pardon me, father," Evans interjected, "but you are in error. So is Angel. She has been thanking me for the trifling service I performed. Some one has told her. As for the other, I have not broached the subject to her. That is why I requested your presence here this evening. Everything that is to be said must be said in your hearing."

The priest bowed his head to hide the shame in his eyes. Despite all that had been said and done, he had mistrusted this unchurchly young heretic, this gamin of the press. He seemed so honorable; he spoke so fairly; he did so much; but, then—ah, well! men are men, the world over, and what is a poor girl more or less? Having been given ample time, he had taken the trouble to inquire into the past of Evans and to scan his present. He found him well thought of by his fellows, and regarded by his superiors as promising. He earned a modest salary, a little more than sufficient for his simple needs, his sobriety being proverbial. Moreover, he had a mother, a dear little woman with whom he lived, to whom he was devoted, who was his sweetheart; and, surely, the good father had thought, the man who was all things to his mother and to whom the mother was everything, would be kind to Rose—to any good woman. For all that, he had doubted him; and yet this man had not taken advantage of opportunity to whisper to the "Angel" of love, to fill her head with dreams or with nonsense. He had waited, as befitted an honorable man, until the girl had some protection. Father Halloran felt that he had deeply wronged the Angel's friend, and for the time being he could not meet his eye. It was Rose who recalled him to himself.

"The other!" she echoed, looking at one and then at the other. "What is it? What has happened?"

"You tell her," said Evans, quietly, when the priest threw an inquiring glance in his direction.

"Perhaps it would be as well to speak for yourself," suggested the other, mildly, now almost willing to concede anything.

"No. I prefer to have you tell her. My story shall be told later on."

The Angel, still more bewildered by this mysterious dialogue, sank helplessly upon a vacant stool.

"This man," said the priest,—and then he added, with emphasis,—"this gentleman, Rose, wants to take you away from here."

"Away from here, father?" The thought of ever leaving Waterville—a vagrant and elusive thought at best—had long since passed from her mind.

"Yes. He realizes that there is something within you that lifts you above the things around you. He has grown to admire you, to like you, to know that you can be much more with him than you can ever be here. It is his wish to take you to live with his dear mother, who needs a daughter to soothe her in her declining years. He is not rich, but he can give you comfort, and perhaps education."

Rose, her face red and white by turns, got up and faced them in tremulous anxiety. She could not believe that she had heard aright. It

seemed to her that she was dreaming. The dingy walls of the wannegan dissolved and revealed to her eyes vistas of wonderful possibilities given birth by the invitation to a newer and higher life. Surely she was dreaming! And yet, there sat the good father, natural, impassive. There sat Evans, leaning forward eagerly. And there in the corner, upon the cot,— The brightness died out of her face as the walls returned to shut her in.

"There's—poor—little—Dan," she murmured, choking back a sob.

The priest looked at Evans.

"Together," said the latter, earnestly, "you and I shall make him worthy of the name he bears, Angel. If you come, you must bring Dan."

"Is it marriage you mean?" she demanded, after a little, facing him squarely and gazing steadfastly at him with eyes in which there lurked a peculiar light.

"No," he replied, frankly. "I do not offer you a husband, but a home. Whatever there may be in my heart for you, Angel, you need not commit yourself to me. Come with me to my home. I have told mother, and she is waiting for you. By and by, it may be, you will learn to think of me as something dearer; but tonight, and until that time, I am your friend,—your brother, if you like."

"What shall I say to him, father?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice. "He calls me 'Angel,' but it is himself that is an angel sent to me. He takes away my breath, my mind, and—"

"Has he not taken a little of your heart, too, Rose?" the priest asked, kindly, stroking her hair as she knelt before him.

"More than a little, father, I think," she whispered, so gently that Evans could not hear.

"Then go with him, my girl, and thank the Blessed One for sending to you, in your darkest hours, a man so good and true. Here, Mr. Evans; take her home to your mother. I can tell by her eyes that she would die for you. That is gratitude, an impulse; but after awhile, when you understand each other better and the brightness of this flawless Irish jewel fills your days, speak to her from your heart and she will respond from hers. The blessing of God be upon you!"

On the morrow, the river homestead of the O'Connells was vacant and the "Angel of the Wannegan" found her heaven in the arms of a white-haired woman who smiled and murmured:

"My daughter!"

ON LAKE CHELAN.

The ripples wake,
Yet scarcely break
The slumber of Chelan;
Deep, dark and still,
Beneath the hill
It smiles so placidly.

A trumpet blown,
And cloud-wreaths strewn
On purple mountain heights;
A trampling rain,
Waves roar refrain
On wildly tossing Lake Chelan.
In rushing ranks
They champ the banks;—
Like frothing charges in affray.
Their white manes lift away
On angry Lake Chelan.

O'erpast the storm,
The sunlight warm
Lies on the mountainside,
And sparkling wavelets gaily ride
On merry Lake Chelan!
If on thy shores the poet stood,
Or hunter wandered through the wood;
If artist strove with ardent love
Thy beauty to enthral,
Thou hast a voice for each and all—
Rich, changeful, noble Lake Chelan!

E. I. DENNY.

Seattle, Wash.

"TRIXY."

You never heard o' Trixy?
Well, 'twarn't her proper name,
But what a person went by
Was pretty much the same
In those old days in Rocky Gulch
Where little Trixy came—

Pretty an' pert an' tiny,
Sunny an' sweet—an', oh!
Something there ain't a name for
In her brown eyes aglow.
I think o' her an' wonder
If the angels look just so!

Simmie was Trixy's daddie—
A 'culiar kind o' cuss,
An', 'cepting that lone honor,
Couldn't have been much wuss!
So th' next best thing for Simmie
Was dyin', an' not much fuss.

We panned a dozen places,
With ne'er a color to see—
Till one of us struck something,
An' that ere one was me.
At first I panned a dollar:
The next time I got three.

All through the merry summer,
Till close to autumn time,
We reaped a golden harvest
From little Trixy's mine,
And saved for her the lion's share
To make her rich an' fine.

An' Trixy wore a golden ring
On each fair, lily hand,
An' all around her slender zone
She wore a golden band—
She walked her rough dominions
Like th' queen of Fairy-land.

But the angel of th' chilling breath
Passed over camp, one day,
An', seeing her so strangely fair,
It beckoned her away;—
An' all it left in Rocky Gulch
Was only cold an' clay.



"She walked her rough dominions
Like th' queen of Fairy-land."

We buried him sort o' quiet
On a lonesome bench-land height,
An' all of us forgot him
When we covered him from sight—
Just 'cepting that we missed him
From the sluices over night.

Along a barren hillside,
Scorched by the summer shine
An' chilled by winter breezes,
Was Simmie's placer mine,
Where th' cactus an' th' sage-brush
Grew succulent and fine.

No one beside a pilgrim—
An' a green-eyed one, I swar—
Had lit on that location;
But Simmie, y' know, was quar,
An' had the place recorded
Before he was minus har.

So, just as a precaution,
We as were close around
All went, 'or sake o' Trixy,
To prospect Simmie's ground—
With never a one a notion
Of something to be found.

So, in the autumn weather,
When summer's bloom had fled,
We gathered all together
To look on Trixy, dead—
The blossoms in the folded hands,
And blossoms on her head.

The glory of the sunset
Was on her sunny hair,
Her wee-blt face with nameless grace
So pitifully fair—
An' each of us had lain him dead
In place of Trixy there!

We tasseled our Trixy's coffin
With nuggets of yellow gold,
An' made her a golden crown to wear
An' a golden cross to hold;
For, what was Trixy's blithe an' fair,
Was Trixy's pale an' cold.

Deep in the pine-tree forest,
Where none may 'ere behold,
We left our love a-sleeping,
With all her beauteous gold;
For what was Trixy's blithe an' fair,
Was Trixy's pale an' cold.

Bozeman, Mont.

L. A. OSBORNE.



Now Open to Settlement.

Some 230,400 acres of land within a few miles of Dickinson in the Bismarck land district, the Jamestown (N. D.) *Capital* says, will be thrown open to settlement January 7. The land lies along the Northern Pacific Railway, and the soil is rich and well adapted to grain.

A Strong Demand for Lands.

A North Dakota real estate man recently stated that he had sold \$64,000 worth of land, since June 1, in the vicinity of the Northern Pacific Railway in the James River Valley, and he attributed a large part of it to the increased confidence brought about by the new method of soil tillage, from the fact that almost the entire sales had been made to actual settlers and for tillage.—*Western Soil Culture, Sioux City, Ia.*

Crops in Gallatin Valley, Montana.

C. H. Waterman, one of the most successful pioneer farmers in this county, comes to the front again with an enormous crop of grain for the present season. When he finished threshing recently the yield, machine measure, was 6,000 bushels of wheat and oats from eighty acres of ground—averaging seventy-five bushels per acre. The oats averaged ninety-two bushels to the acre. Mr. Waterman's farm is on Middle Creek, six miles west of Bozeman, and the yield is the heaviest so far reported this year.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier.*

The Money Market in North Dakota.

The easier feeling in financial circles which has been noticed since the election has not been confined to the East, but is equally apparent in the Western States. There has been a material increase in the deposits in Grand Forks banks, and in at least one bank the deposits have reached the highest figures in its history. Loans of money, in sums of \$5,000 and upward, have been made by the banks of this city and their country correspondents on gilt-edged paper at six per cent, and offers of money at this rate have been made and declined. This money is the property, not of bankers and professional money lenders, but of farmers and men of small means.—*Grand Forks (N. D.) News.*

Settling the Nez Perce Reserve.

A little over a year ago the Nez Perce Reservation in Northern Idaho was thrown open to settlement and proved a very attractive region to a large number of enterprising settlers. A new town called Nez Perce was founded, settlers' cabins, barns and fences were built, land was broken and put into crops, and throughout the whole territory were evidences that modern civilization had again succeeded to the hitherto undisputed sway of the less progressive Indian. The Nez Perce *News* is very hopeful. It says that improvements will move along at a lively rate there next spring, and that they confidently anticipate new railway enterprises, hundreds of new settlers, direct communication with Spokane, Wash., and an advance movement generally which shall compensate them

amply for the privations that are always incident to first settlement. All this new country is reached via the Northern Pacific Railway and its branches. It is well watered, easily tilled, and the soil is very productive.

Mineral Paint.

A car-load of mineral paint is being hauled into the city from the Hardin property in Two Bit Gulch, and will be shipped to Chicago, there to be ground up and sent over the country in small sacks, for the purpose of giving it a practical test, as those receiving it can satisfy themselves by trying the samples as to the merit of the article. The Lee Street bridge in this city was painted with this paint five years ago, and it looks almost as good as it did the day the work was done, which speaks well for the lasting quality of the mineral. There are a million tons in the deposit in Two Bit Gulch, lying in a vein five feet thick. Mr. Hardin has run a thousand feet of tunneling into the deposit, and has the ground in excellent condition for work at any time he may desire.—*Deadwood (Black Hills) Pioneer.*

Packing Pork in Montana.

According to the Billings (Mont.) *Gazette*, P. Yegen & Company of that town have completed arrangements for establishing a pork-packing plant there. The necessary machinery has already been ordered from St. Paul, experienced packers have been engaged, and the work of remodeling the tannery building near the Northern Pacific stockyards for the reception of the plant is now under way. A brick smokehouse will be erected at once, and Chris. Yegen, the leading spirit in the enterprise, informed a *Gazette* reporter that they "would be ready to start up and commence butchering early in December. While the plant will not be a very extensive one at the start, Mr. Yegen assures us that it will be complete and first-class in every particular. He says they will be able to furnish a superior quality of pork to that now shipped to Billings, and feels confident that it will be necessary to enlarge the plant after the first season, which the firm will be in a position to do as soon as the business justifies it."

No Unwise Legislation in Washington.

It is certainly encouraging to find that Washington is being placed in the right light before the people of the East, to whom we must of necessity look for capital to develop our resources. To permit the impression to go abroad, uncontradicted, that the State has been given over to Populism, would work incalculable injury to our people. When the facts are presented to Eastern investors, as has been done by the *New York Mail and Express*, it will be recognized that the political defeat of the Republican party in Washington will not be followed by any Populistic legislation of the kind which has compelled capital to give Kansas a wide berth. Investments will be as safe here as in any State in the Union, and, so far as prospective profits are concerned, there is no State which affords such opportunities as are presented here. Capital is needed here, but what is preferred is capital and immigration together—the coming of men of means who are not only prepared to make investments, but to remain here as citizens.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Where Intelligence Reigns.

At a recent dinner given by the Union League Club of Chicago to J. M. Devine, lieutenant-governor elect of North Dakota, Mr. Devine spoke of his home State as follows:

"North Dakota is a big country. It is the fifth largest State in the Union. We have one county, Ward County, which only cast 650 votes,

that is 110 miles long by seventy-five miles broad. In some precincts there were only three votes cast—two judges and one voter. There was the worst snow-storm for three years, on election day, yet some men rode fifteen miles in the blinding snow to vote. Dakota is a farming State, but we have more college graduates following the plow than any other State in the Union. Bismarck, with 3,000 inhabitants, has eighty-five college graduates."

Mr. Devine might have added that it is the general intelligence of the people which enables North Dakota to occupy so creditable a position among its sister commonwealths. It is the home of progress in all departments of human advancement. Thought and culture are not confined to its towns and villages; they are found in the country school districts and on farms and ranches, and it is this general intelligence which makes the State so attractive to settlers and home-seekers.

Stick to the Northwest.

Disappointment seems to be the universal experience of those who leave our Northwestern States to accept the alluring offers made by land boomers in the Southern States. One by one they return to their old homes, sadder, poorer, but wiser. Such men have yet to learn that, while they may remove from one Northwestern State to another with perfect safety, their removal to Georgia, Florida and other Southern regions means settlement in enervating, and frequently unhealthy, climates and amid social and political environments and traditions which are liable to prove unpleasant and intolerant. It is all very nice to dwell in the presence of orange-blossoms and have one's brow fanned by summer zephyrs the year round—providing the non-acclimated Northerner is not prostrated by Southern agues and fevers and so generally debilitated that his days are one long succession of miseries. It sounds well to hear of cotton-fields and all those things, but floods and frosts and low prices are far more frequently discouraging to Southern planters and fruit-growers than they are to the farmers of the Dakotas and the prosperous husbandmen of the Pacific Northwest. Better the rich soils and invigorating climates and social and political freedom of our own country, than all the seductive attractions held forth by syndicates that have little else to offer in exchange for Northern money than cheap lands, a native Southern intolerance, and physical drawbacks without number. Explorers have not yet discovered a country which extends fairer inducements to farmers, fruit-growers, miners and investors than the healthful and progressive States which constitute the Great Northwest.

The Open Columbia River.

The canal and locks at the cascades of the Columbia River were opened to navigation, with appropriate ceremonies, on Thursday, Nov. 5, and there is no longer any obstruction to navigation in that great river from The Dalles, Oregon, to the sea. The event is of immeasurable importance to Eastern Oregon and to all the region drained by the mighty stream. Speaking of the enterprise, the *Portland Oregonian* says that it will be twenty-three years in June since the first survey was made by General Michler, who reported that "a permanent improvement can without any doubt be successfully accomplished at this locality by the construction of a canal and locks across the rocky neck of land between the head of the upper rapids and the basin at the foot of them." But the line of work was then laid down, and has since been followed. The first appropriation, \$90,000 in amount, was made by act of Congress August 14, 1876. The first contract

was made October 19, 1878, and included the removal of the earth in the line of the proposed canal; but the work was so difficult and progress so unsatisfactory that it was subsequently abandoned. Another contract fared no better, and it was not until the present one was made that the work took on a hopeful and permanent aspect. It is now completed, and felicitations are in order all round, perhaps none more so than to the Government engineers, with whom the work has been in no small degree a labor of love. The enterprise, as a whole, is one of the most gigantic of its kind in the country. The gates are, or were at the time of their ordering, the largest in the world, and the lock chamber is second in size in this country only to that at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, between Lakes Superior and Huron.

The Lumber Industry of One State.

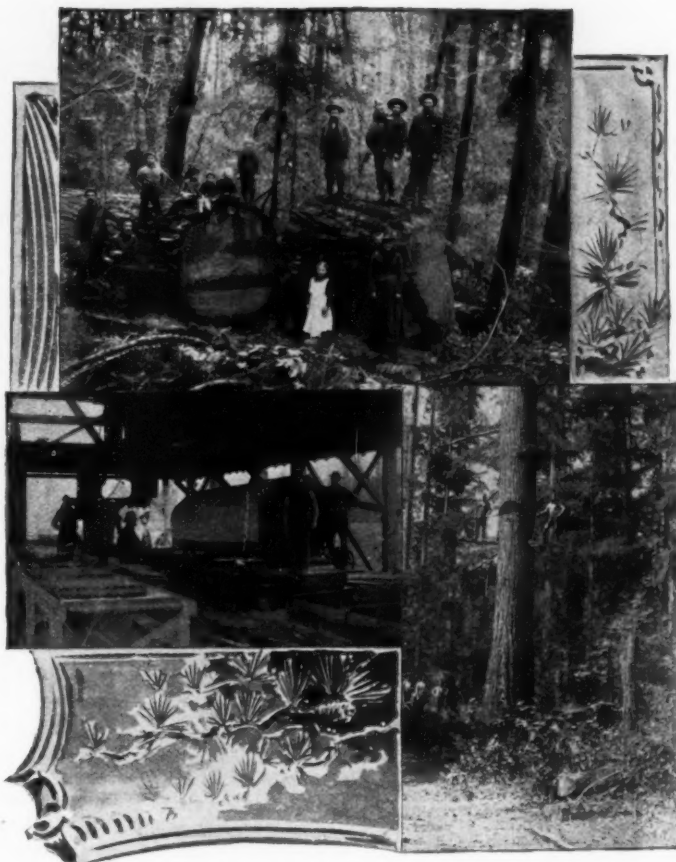
The lumber shipments from the State of Washington in 1895 amounted to 500,075,833 feet, distributed as follows: To foreign ports, 147,140,924 feet, valued at \$1,618,550; to coast-wise ports, 246,929,909 feet, valued at \$2,222,769; to Eastern rail-points, 106,005,000 feet, valued at \$1,060,050; shingles to Eastern points, 1,957,250,000, valued at \$2,152,975. Total value, \$7,054,344.

To produce this vast amount an estimate of the number of men employed is made on the following basis: In the saw-mill, one man to every 1,000 feet produced; in the woods, the same ratio; in the shingle-mills, ten men to every 50,000 feet produced, and ten men in the woods. The total gives 19,000 men, in round numbers, and if the families are added, the industry supports 57,000 persons. To this should be added at least 5,000 men employed in moving the lumber products, supplies, machinery houses, etc. Indirectly, every other person in Western Washington is dependent on the lumber and shingle industry.—*The Pacific Lumber Trade Journal*.

Some of Washington's Resources.

The following is what W. L. Vischer says of Washington in his correspondence with the *Chicago Times-Herald*:

"Continuing to use the State of Washington as the example, it may be said that there is not, in all probability, a region on the face of the earth more opulent in resources, if its resources could be developed. But they cannot be without capital. The State has timber, especially fir and cedar, that is not excelled in quality or quantity in the world. Its coal-measures and iron deposits are far greater and much richer than were those of Pennsylvania, even before Pennsylvania's coal and iron had been touched. Silver and gold are in its mountains—especially of the Okanogan Country—in almost unheard-of richness, and the same may be said of its lead, asbestos, fire-clay, potter's clay, and numerous other valuable minerals and earths. The hop-producing area of the State has been, comparatively, little more than touched, and yet a very small part of two counties, in the Puyallup and White River regions, have for many years produced a very large percentage of all the hops used in the world. The yield of wheat and oats is marvelous, and no considerable portion of the grain-land has been placed under cultivation. The fruit of the State is wonderfully prolific, perfect and varied. The climate is delightfully equable, and the scenery grand and imposing. The connections of the country with the other commercial parts of the globe by rail and sail are great in facility, for it has, beside five transcontinental railroads and their connections, a system of salt-water harbors of which there are none better. These are some of the resources."



LUMBERING SCENES IN LEWIS COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

Old Settlers' Past and Present.

In referring to the annual reunion of the old settlers at Grand Forks, North Dakota, recently, the *Pembina Pioneer-Express* says:

"In point of years, history in this locality is brief; but, measured by achievement, it counts for as much or more than in some sections that have been settled for centuries. When one looks abroad at this thickly-settled valley, with its cities and villages, its railroads and telegraphs, its schools and churches, its homes and business enterprises, it seems strange indeed to shake hands with a well-preserved man who built the first steamboat that ever plowed the Red; and yet the old steamboat pilot, Hutchinson of Georgetown, was there to tell us how they moved the boat to LacQueParle from the Mississippi and then took her machinery to the Big Stone and built a new boat, the Anson Northrup. When Jacob Reinhardt told us of running eighty miles in twenty-four hours behind his four dogs, hauling a Hudson's Bay governor from about Acton to Georgetown, it seems as if it must have occurred at least a hundred years ago; yet Jake looks as though he were good for a score of years yet. The miracle of progress illustrated by these incidents and hundreds of others, as related by the old settlers, contrasted with the present condition of things, is the most wonderful story after all. The experiences and hardships are not so different from the ordinary tales of frontier life; but that these very men and women were here and saw these prairies before a house was built or a sod turned, is certainly one of the most marvelous proofs of rapid progress and civilization ever known.

"And certainly those old settlers can look with pride on the results of their pioneer work. They laid the foundation, and now they have the privilege, not often accorded pioneers, of seeing their hopes and dreams come true in their own

lifetime. And the wildest and most sanguine dreamer among them finds the actual results far beyond his flights of imagination."

Dairying on Puget Sound.

The ideal conditions for successful dairying are prevalent on Puget Sound. First, a mild, moist, cool and equable climate, affording the most favorable climatic conditions for dairying; second, an abundance of soft, pure, cold water, furnished by springs and clear, swift-flowing brooks and rivulets affording natural sites for dairies and creameries, as well as an abundance of the most excellent stock water; third, all varieties of grasses or clovers that are either indigenous to the soil or have been imported there and grow in the utmost luxuriance and profusion, so that a given area of our fertile lands on Puget Sound will subsist a much larger number of cattle than the same area in the Middle or Eastern States, besides yielding almost double the quantity per acre when cut for hay. Four and five tons per acre is not an exceptional yield from our best lands. In the mild and healthful climate of Western Washington, cattle are exceptionally free from the contagious diseases that often ravage the herds in the interior of the continent. The market—both domestic and foreign—for a prime article of butter is first-class, and our transportation facilities superb. Puget Sound lies right on the great commercial highway between Europe and the East, and at the point where three great transcontinental lines converge; and vessels from every country and continent on the globe touch at our wharves and load with our produce for foreign lands. To those who contemplate engaging in dairying we would say, enter the open door of opportunity and reap the golden harvest that waits on thrift and industry in the sunset land of Washington.—*Fairhaven (Wash.) World-Herald*.



"Bellingham Bay, just below, with its great water-surface area—"

FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CHUCKANUTS.

By James P. McIntyre.

By way of a ravine at right angles to the valley into which the town of Fairhaven, Washington, penetrates, and from the water front, the base of the Chuckanut Mountains is gained. These mountains rise from a sinuous shore-line, having a bay of the same name at their feet. It is in the northwestern portion of Washington that the elevations occur, none of which reach to a great altitude. That one with a more conical top than the others is 1,400 feet high and is ascended along a well-defined trail from Bellingham Bay. After leaving town, the path seems barred by a row of plumed green trees, over which a rubescent patch glows on the shoulder of the mountain. Through this face of timber, undergrown with sword and other ferns having large fronds, the trail leads through a wilderness of brush, lighted up with color by many flowering weeds. The ground has a tracery of the reptant dew-berry vines, which are loaded with fruit and under the upright stems of the salmon-berry, blackcap raspberry and thimbleberry—giving way on the beaches to the pink huckleberry and service-berry bushes. The serrated leaves of the medicinal Oregon grape-vine are plentiful; other species of a similar nature, such as the barberry, being also visible where the wild pea-vines cling and climb and blossom. Elevated over these vegetable growths stand the alder woods, among which grow the birch, the arrow-wood with its cream tassel, and several species of maple as well as the willow and an occasional balm-of-gilead.

Where the trail enters the woods, one may drink a cool draught of water in the shade; although, midway to the summit, there is a flow that tastes better and is worth the trouble of procuring on a warm day. On the narrow path, ascending, a ground-hog waddled across and stopped and gazed at the intruders with its little bead-like eyes. It became sharky, when a bit of sandwich was thrown at it, but remained in a defiant attitude on its haunches for some minutes while being inspected. Now and then a setaceous-stemmed devil-club would recall the incident of the hog, whose sparse hair bristled up at the intrusion on its domain.

A deserted farm, towards which the trail led, along the side of the mountain and on a gentle acclivity, shows its fruit-trees barren and its berries degenerate between the uncared-for buildings. This clearing marks a stage on the journey where you retrace your steps—always ascending, though, on the face of this mountain which forms a seacoast plinth to the noble Cascade Range that is lateral with the Pacific shore-line east. On the elbow rests a grave in the scrub-growth; and, surely, never monarch of a nation, nor heir to a sarcophagus on the Appian Way, could wish for more prominent, and at the same time more undisturbed, sepulchre. While looking on the picketed space, one wonders if a story does not hang by it; or, was it just a limb falling from a tree, or the illness of a pioneer—without halo of romance, that was accountable for the isolated burial? The eyes involuntarily turn east to the undulating rim of far-off mountains, in front of which there is only timber, with a view of a silvered lake, in the foreground—the action sending a shudder through the body. For, in the words of Andrew Lang, "I know a story" making up for the uncertainty regarding the restful spot, while bringing before the vision a scene of awful tragedy. Anything more awful than the story, Mr. Lang could not detail; but it was brushed aside on the renewal of the upward climb being made. Another weed-grown and untended farm is seen going back to its primal state of rank vegetation on land that would be a garden of plenty in the hands of plodding European peasant-folk. So the trees, even at this height, indicate, fruitless as they are, in lines between which patches of strawberries are picked by travelers who take that road in the proper season.

At the second farm, a few paces in a wrong direction caused great inconvenience; whereas, had the proper trail to the right been pursued from this point, a comparatively easy ascent would have been made. But the foliage was dense and at its thickest, hiding the opening where it diverged from the line ending at the farm. A moral might be pointed with this episode, but that the summit of the mountain

has to be attained, and uphill climbing does not favor peripatetic philosophy. During the ascent from the locality of the grave, a view was had of a stretch of sea-water that opened out magnificently from the top of the mountain. The mistake of a few steps to the left was the occasion of much stumbling about amid fallen timbers which lay in the way—a trail also marked with arching masses of sandstone, over which animals had apparently traveled, as the Sphagnum moss had at intervals been torn away in small patches. Down into one of the deep gulches running northeast, as seen from the north foot of the mountain, the journey was continued, and up on the other side from its stream-coursed bed, until the path was regained and the apex of the mountain reached.

The labor of the ascent was well repaid by the magnificence of the panorama of sea and land and towns which appeared in alternate sequence beneath. Not only the top of the mountain, but the top of a tree was also gained; it leaned over the edge of an abysmal hollow, faced on the west side with a sheer precipice of sandstone. As far as one could see from the vantage ground chosen, this very high natural wall extended until a curve carried it out of sight. Vegetation grows from its crevices, or where a vagrant seed, lodged on its narrow ledges, is nursed by the disintegrating rock—from which, eventually, spring the scrubby trees along its front. At the initial glance, the view is too expansive to be absorbed readily by the vision. We first turn to the mosaic of cone-bearing evergreen trees, which, in a monotone of color, spread away on three sides—north, east and southeastwardly to meet the inlapping bases of the Baker and Cascade mountains. Not far off is the sheen of Lake Padden, in plain sight now, with several cottages on its banks, where farms have been opened out from the emerald inclosure of trees. From the elevation gained the visible portion of the mainland seems gently undulating rather than abruptly mountainous, although it is covered densely with tree growth. In that part of the State of Washington which lies west of the Cascade Range of mountains, as Senator Squire said in the U. S. Senate not long ago, are 20,000,000 acres of forest lands on which there stands, according to the most conservative estimates, billions of feet of merchantable timber. The most valuable trees are the Douglas and other firs, cedar, hemlock, spruce, and white pine, which form dense forests with hundreds of trees to the acre, many of which are from 200 to 300 feet high and from five to twelve feet in diameter. The senator's statements are forcibly recalled when, looking across the vast forest, it is recollected that the portion in view forms but a corner of the territory mentioned by him.

In the vicinity of Bellingham Bay, just below, with its great water-surface area, notable diverse phases of seascape and landscape are visible. The western vicinage is the base of a strip of island-studded coast-water commonly termed the Mediterranean of the Pacific. Along the east and north shores of the mainland there extends, on the water front, the towns of Fairhaven and Whatcom. Terraced streets occupy the salient acclivities of the town sites, and run along to connect with the flat land on the north of the bay or sink with the declivitous portion into a valley at the south end. A Great Northern Railroad trestle, pierced with red-painted swing bridges, runs in a westerly direction over the water to meet with the elevated land. In the moist vapor of the morning some coal-trucks, which stand at intervals on the trestled approach to the coal bunkers at deep water, look like bison browsing on the prairie. As to the coal, it was mined in the

early 50's, when its discovery was made by two loggers who were connected with the infant lumbering industry, which found its market in California. Coal is one of Washington's chief resources. Geologists estimate its coal area at 1,000,000 acres. There exists no doubt that coal, in inexhaustible abundance, underlies the Strait of Fuca and, with the resistless aqueous agency of former ages, has been forced inland to the base of the mountains. Bordering the 49th parallel of north latitude are found gold, silver, lead and iron, also. The material needed in reducing these ores into pigs and ingots for the use of the manufacturer and artificer likewise abound here, and will prove potent factors in the future development of this section.

Apart from the possibilities of the future,—again falling back on history,—it is remembered that to the north shore of the bay belong the incidents which go to make the most stirring events of the region bordering that great land-locked body of water. In 1858 a migration of fortune hunters, the result of finding gold in the Cariboo District of British Columbia, caused a city of tents to be pitched in the brush skirting the inner reach of the bay. Ten thousand miners caught the far-reaching Fraser River excitement, and made that point their base of supplies for the trip to the Pactolian sands in the British possessions. The auriferous soil did not yield as rich returns as they wished, so the adventurers vanished, along with their fugitive ideas, while the daubs of white and yellow melted from the natural variegated green of the thick foliage when the short-lived city disappeared from the landscape.

When the eyes again sink to the promontories of the bays and the water, one cannot help thinking what a fine inside course there is, for all kinds of natant races, on the changing green water, darkening to a blue on the further side. Then, over the cities—a medley of bright coloring, like strokes of pigment in a Turner painting—one catches a glimpse of the centripetal county court-house and of the municipal hall—with its pilasters and prominent tower on the extreme of the bay. All this is seen from the splendid hotel in the valley, near by. An electric tramway line leads the eyes toward Lake Whatcom in the foot-hills of the Baker Mountains, at the base of which a number of buildings appear. Although they do not materially detract from the face of nature, the oblong buildings used as shingle-mills or in reducing the vast cedar trees into sashes and doors, give the crystal retreat an industrial look. It is sufficient for the sight, that the glacial water varies the landscape; and for the imagination, that a halo of romance is borne over the region. The wedge of water, caught from the glaciers above, is trout-stocked, and sportsmen can hunt them in the fastnesses of the uprising mountains around.

The material of a tragedy is woven about this locality—a tragedy which occurred before the advent of white men on lake and shore, by boat and by rail. In the hearts and memories of the Indians, this spot is viewed as a sacred retreat. If the tradition were but a myth, one cannot wonder at its being attached to the very place at which it is said to have been enacted. An "Ellen's Isle" breaks the perspective of water in the lake, cutting it into two channels—one shore, opposite, having been the scene of an old-time "potlatch" held by the Haidah Indians. Their chief was to wed. The consequent feasting was in progress, without thought of danger by the swarthy throng, when the war-whoops of the Nootka natives broke in upon them. Most valiantly the Haidahs fought for their lives. Before being decimated, they walked in a body into the water, where they became engulfed. It is the refrain of the death-

song that is wafted across which immortalizes the incident thus:

"Hear you not that strain of sadness
Gently stealing o'er the wave;
Like a requiem wild and solemn
Breathed above a loved one's grave?"

Reveille Isle, in the mid-lake, has a wierd, æolian music floating in the air, wafted from the bank opposite. There stood young Attama, the Haidah chief, saying in despair:

"In death I'll be your leader still,
I'll lead you in the wave;
Who by my side will first advance
To freedom and the grave?"

Fair Anola, accepting the challenge, sprung to Attama's side and led the remnant of the tribe beneath the waters.

"And the music which at nightfall
Oft comes stealing o'er the wave,
Is a strain the waters rescued
From the death-song of the brave."

At intervals the sounds are heard even now, it is said; but the shifting of musical sands, the movement of mollusca, or the far-fetched Maigre of the Mediterranean, are not known—not one of them, to account for the phenomenon. If intangible, why should not the untutored natives have their legends, as well as the classical Greeks their mythology?

Returning to the bay, you see ragged patches of alumina to the west, fronted with aprons of scrub growth on the bank. Trees cast their inverted shadows in the water, over which glides a dug-out, from which the Indians land, ascend the streets, make some purchases, re-embark, and then disappear across the iridescent bay in the direction of a Reservation. One notes the course followed to the vicinity of the mouth of the Nooksack River, which comes, silt-laden from the glaciers of Mount Baker, through a fertile farming region. These features carry the eyes to the archipelago, from the shrubbery and spaces in which stand showily-painted structures that merge with the forest on every side. There are long stretches of beach rimming the islands out where the smaller ones seem to have greater width of sands than those that are large. In midsummer on these islands, when the humid atmosphere becomes most salubrious, change will be more eagerly sought by the mainland residents as that territory fills in with population. Wide channels open out to sea amid the plethora of scenery that is rugged with the varying species of trees, which occupy the indented acclivities and crowd the insular mountains on every hand. Fir and cedar-trees stand like a row of sentinels on the summits, over which the setting sun throws a glowing light amid the rigid trunks limned against the western sky, producing fantastic forms in the ranks occupying the ridges. Through the Strait of Fuca there opens out from the southern extremity of the harbor a straight-away course for the steamers and lumber-laden ships seeking the Pacific Ocean. It is a sight worth climbing the hill to see—this rolling country of puissant mechanical formation, to which the cataclysmal forces of early ages gave its uneven physical features. Beheld from this commanding position on the summit of the mountain, the prominent features of the surrounding country become notably impressive and surpassingly beautiful.

GOLD IN A DUCK'S GIZZARD.—On Thanksgiving day a jeweler in Faribault, Minn., opened a duck's gizzard and found therein a number of gold nuggets worth in the aggregate about \$1.50. He traced the lineage and place of abode of the duck, and now thinks he has found the locality whence the gold came. He refuses to give further details, but claims to be in possession of facts sufficient to warrant him in the belief that he has located a valuable gold-producing locality.

A FAREWELL.

A single star has left the sky.
The moon still shines with undimmed light
Yet all seems dark. I know not why,
But He has done it; so, 'tis right.

Perhaps my love has made me blind.
I will not mourn—thou art no more.
But solace in thy memory find,
Though thus to part my heart is sore.

If I thy unknown fate might share,
I'd gladly leave this mortal sphere—
Though all about me is most fair—
Renounce it all, if thou wert near.

A thousand stars may rise and set—
I heed them not. A lesser light
Has vanished from the heavens; yet,
To me thou wert serenely bright.

Perhaps at some far-distant day,
When I the path of life have trod,
We'll meet, and will together lay
Our hearts before our father, God.

New York.

A. JESSUP.

IF WE WERE EVERY ONE A MAN.

If we were every one a man,
And nobleness a prize;—
Had we supreme contempt for wealth,
And hatred for all lies,
The Universal Brotherhood
The fool would even ken—
The earth be nearer heaven than
It has for ages been!

If we were every one a man
As Saul of Tarsus was,
And dared to live, as well as die,
For such a righteous cause,
We'd roll away the gathered gloom
That hides the good from view,
And see the beauty of a world
As God did make it new!

If we were every one a man
As brave as heroes are,
Stood with them side by side and fought
The Everlasting War,
The flowers of our hope would spring,
Amidst the weeds of wrong,
And rise in beauty—aye! we'd change
Life's sob into a song!

If we were every one a man,
And cared for greater things
Than passing glory of the world,—
The glitter that it brings,
How sweet would be the breath of morn!
The glory of a day
Would overthrow the banks of time
And fill Eternity!

Chicago, Ill.

A. GLANVILLE.

RESIGNATION.

Weep not for me, dear friend; each base-born soul
Sometimes must need take on the mournful stole.
Sometimes 'tis fated that we breathe the air
Of disappointment's night, without one star,
Closing us round in gloom, lit by no ray
Save that which shines from heaven across our way.
Weep on, O heavy eyes! nor stay thy course;
Sooner shall I escape from sorrow's force.
Rude-snapped seem all affection's tender chords,
And my poor lyre but discord harsh affords.
Ah, my poor heart! why now so cold and still—
An icy agony my breast to fill?
Why beat, sad heart,—why reason, throbbing head,
Since joy is gone, and every hope is dead?
Yet, come, thou cup of sorrow! Let me drain
Thy lowest depths, till not one drop remain.
"Grief is itself a medicine, and bestowed
To increase the fortitude which bears the load."
Then weep not, friend, though desperate seem my case;
The cure effected adds sustaining grace.
Mourn not my suffering, for to thee I tell
'Twas ordained thus, and Heaven does all things well.
The bruised reed to break, if it please God,
I humbly say amen, and kiss the rod.
Though dark the way o'ercast with sorrow's night,
So He lead on, I shall be led aright.
Fain would I put away that heavy day,
But memory haunts me, and shall haunt alway.
Relentless Fate! and must I be thy slave,
And find no rest till that beyond the grave?
No! While my tired soul waits sweet release,
In losing self I gain an earthly peace.
These ready tears, like blessed springtime rain,
My soul's sad atmosphere shall clear again;
The sun of hope burst forth, clouds flee away,
And my dark heart grow bright as smiling May.

Minneapolis, Minn.

W. EARL SMITH.



CLIFF DWELLERS.

The swallows have carved, in the cliffs by the sea.
A city of homes in the great white walls;
And waves may roll high and winds beat free,
The swallows may visit from stall to stall—
On a rainy day 'tis pleasant to see
The swallows making their neighborly calls.
When the sun sits high in his firmament home,
The swallow soars to the sky of blue;
How graceful, majestic, his dizzy roam!
I think he there gets an idea or two;
For straightway he seeks the cliff's white dome,
To busily there the idea pursue.
When the morning sun bright the mountains seal,
The swallow has left his snug white houses,
And, eagerly hunting a morning meal,
He works with a will for the cause he espouses.
He good-natur'dly eats whate'er he can find,
Then soars to the heavens with thanksgiving inclined.
And I'm sure if we mortals would only learn
A lesson from swallows that dwell in cliffs,
We would find this life not by half so stern.
We should lay aside our bothersome ifs
And seek, like the swallow, the shimmering ray
Where the sun sets high in the dome of day.

WILLIAM HENRY NEALON.

The Hunter and the Moose.

A man, mounted on a good horse, recently discovered a moose-deer crossing the prairie near Fort Ellice and gave chase, thinking to tire the animal; but, getting on some soft ground, the moose turned with sudden impetuosity on his pursuer. The horse, terrified by the apparition, turned also, pursued by the enraged deer. The man and horse were badly frightened, but escaped.—*Pilot Mound (Man.) Sentinel.*

Mother of the Range.

The *Leader*, of Great Falls, Montana, says that Mrs. Nat Collins, the cattle queen of Northern Montana, was in that town the other day from her ranch in Teton County, about to start for Chicago with her eighth annual shipment of beef cattle. She will go on a stock-train, eat and sleep in the caboose, and occasionally take a whirl over the train with a long pole to stir up the cattle and keep them on their feet. The lady is thoroughly familiar with the stock business, ships and markets her own cattle, and when at home rides the range like a typical cowboy. She can handle the most obstinate cayuse, lariat a steer, brand a calf, and do everything that a regular range rider can do except use liquor, tobacco, or profane language. She is affectionately called the "Mother of the Range" by the cowboys, who regard her as a warm friend and jovial companion.

Hunting Ducks on Horseback.

Of all the hunting schemes that have been proposed, that of John McBride, of Missoula, Mont., is the one that will appeal the most strongly to lazy men who like to shoot, but who do not like the work of following a dog after game. John's scheme is as follows: He takes his horse and puts a saddle on him—he would like it better if he could drive in a buggy and lead the saddle-horse till he reached the hunting-grounds—and rides to where he is going to shoot. Of course, he takes his gun and dog. When he reaches the place where he thinks there are birds, he does not do what most men would do. He remains on the horse, rides to an elevation of land, where he can look over the country, and then sends his dogs in

after the birds. He sits on the horse and watches the dog till the canine comes to a point. Then he gallops up to the dog and dismounts. The rest is a matter of consequence. He kills the birds. The great beauty of this style of hunting is that it saves a man from the necessity of tramping for miles behind a dog before he sees a bird. In this case, the hunter is fresh when he comes to the birds and can shoot his best. This method is recommended by the inventor and patentee, who usually brings in some birds when he goes out, which seems to stamp the plan as a good one.

Old Forked Foot.

Away up in the Greenhorn Range of mountains, about fifteen miles west of Baker City, hunters and prospectors often catch a glimpse of a monster deer, says the *Portland Oregonian*. He has roamed these hills for many years, and is known to every man, woman and child for miles around as "old forked foot," from the extraordinary spread of his toes. His track is easily known on this account, and old hunters have followed it for days, but the wily old rascal is too cute for them. Stories are told of his leading a whole band of deer away from hunters and disappearing with them as completely as though they had wings. Various opinions give his weight from 300 to 450 pounds, though a Baker City sportsman, who spent several weeks in these mountains this summer and who had a good opportunity to make a calculation, gives an estimate of 350 pounds. This hunter was making for the highest peak in the small range of hills, early one morning, and when near the top sat down on a log for a moment's rest.

"I laid my gun on the ground at my feet," as he tells it, "and while starting a pipe, glanced up across a little opening in the pines just ahead of me. At one side I thought I saw an ear just at the edge of some brush. Then I thought there was an eye near it, looking at me. I was not convinced, however, till the biggest buck a man ever saw trotted across the opening, not fifty feet in front of me. Astonishment overcame me, and I stood, open-mouthed, and saw him disappear in the timber. I did recover in time to bring down the young doe that followed a moment later; but I had lost interest in deer-hunting, and I sat down on that log and could have wept for grief at my stupidity in letting that buck escape me. He left the marks of the forked foot, and I followed the trail all day without success. Next summer I am going back there, and if I don't bag this animal it will be for some better reason than I had this last time."

A Night with Satan.

In the early days, when the great Northwest was an unexplored wilderness and no white man had yet planted a foot where now placer claims and fruit orchards are intermingled in profusion, the mention of the name of that point on the Columbia River now known as Hell's Gate, would strike terror to the Indian heart.

In those days it was the practice of the Sans Poil and Columbia River Indians to exchange compliments with the Nez Perce and Snake River tribes by making occasional raids back and forth and by running off one another's cayuses and often massacring entire camps of women and children when they were found unprotected.

On one of these raids of the Nez Perce to this section, says the *Wilbur (Wash.) Register*, they came upon a camp of the Sans Poils when the braves had gone off on a hunt, and immediately made preparation to add a few trophies to their belts by the way of scalps. The squaws discovered their enemies and, with their pa-

pooses, beat a hasty retreat by following up the steep banks of the Columbia toward Hell's Gate. One youth, who was a member of the party, was a lineal descendant of the most powerful chief of the Sans Poils. This promising young brave and pride of his tribe was unable to keep up with the rest of the party in their flight, and was left in the evening on the rocks overhanging Hell's Gate. The thrilling experience of the young Siwash has since been repeated over and over to his tribe, and ought to drive an infidel to repentance. The fork-tailed chief of the sulphur regions, on this night, seems to have exerted himself to entertain his young visitor, for he kept up his evolutions the entire night, to the accompaniment of the young Indian's screams. The description the young Indian gives of his satanic majesty would do well for a character in Dante's Inferno. He is described as being of immense size and having nostrils and mouth that would put to shame the face of a blood-sweating hippopotamus.

High above the seething and foaming current of the river, near the top of the rugged mountain overhanging the "gate," is a flat rock projecting out from the mountain side. On this rock, the Indians say, old Satan holds his daily ghost-dance. From this rock and leading to the water is a white streak down the mountain side. This streak is known as the devil's slide. After his majesty gets through with his skirt-dance, he takes this toboggan route to the regions below. The Indians maintain that, should a canoe attempt to pass this point in the river, the long, snake-like arms of the evil one would reach up and pull both canoe and occupants beneath. To this day the Indians give Hell's Gate a wide berth. The name was given this romantic-looking place by the Hudson's Bay fur traders, who were the first white men in this section and to whom the Indians related wonderful stories about the locality.

Take Me Back Home.

E. D. Twombly tells the following pathetic story in the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*:

It was New Year's eve. Snow was falling in large, feathery flakes, slowly wrapping all things in a beautiful mantle of white. The one railway station at Bentley, a little Wisconsin village, was crowded with pleasure-seekers waiting for the west-bound train, which was an hour late. There was to be a dance that evening in an adjoining town. The place was full of laughter, and the merry voices suggested no thought of cares the dawn would bring. A few traveling-men sat around, wrapped up in huge coats, curiously studying the vagaries of the ill-assorted crowd, as one naturally will when in contact with strange fellow creatures. The regular passenger feels no place in the unusual stir that the excursionists create, but he meditatively accepts his position and half-sadly recalls the memories of his own joyous youth, when holidays brought to him similar happy associations. A little band of musicians with their instruments had gathered in one corner of the room, while half a dozen youngsters surrounded the man with the drum and gazed enviously at him, and wonderingly eyed the big fiddle.

The train on the branch road from the north, called the "Jumper," probably a most literal cognomen for the little, old-fashioned locomotive with its single car, drew in on the other side of the station to make connection with the west-bound.

A minute later the door opened slowly, revealing, to those nearest, two men, preceded by the conductor, bearing a heavy burden between them. It was a litter made from rough boards, and upon it lay a human form wrapped in

blankets. Instantly, almost, a hush fell upon those gathered near the door which quickly communicated itself to every part of the room, broken only by eager whispers of inquiry from the startled spectators.

Gently they laid the seemingly lifeless burden upon the floor, and one of the bearers, a tall, stalwart young fellow clad in the style peculiar to loggers, tenderly lifted one of the blankets from the inanimate form, revealing a pale, though singularly handsome, face of a young man. He then knelt beside the sufferer for a minute and whispered some word of hope in his ear, for the poor lad slowly opened a pair of large dark eyes and gazed tenderly at the anxious face above him. Then, realizing that he was in a strange place and among strangers, he turned away with a sad, wan smile, and a patient sigh escaped his cold, trembling lips.

"Poor fellow!" said the conductor, in an undertone, to the sympathetic bystanders; "he's most gone. He's hurt inside, somewhere, and its doubtful if he will live until he gets to the hospital."

"Can I be of any service to you? I'm a physi-

voice that was scarcely audible.

The other "lumber-jack," however, who had come down from camp with the two brothers, volunteered some information as to the unfortunate affair. In another part of the room his recital had drawn around him an eager crowd of listeners.

"Them two was the queerest baggage I ever seen in a log-camp," he was saying, in a tone meant only for those standing nearest him. "They was as thick as molasses. You'd never see one 'les you'd see the other. They wouldn't seem to have much to do with the rest of the fellers in camp, somehow; they were better than any of us. But I was goin' to tell you 'bout the accident.

"It happened early this mornin'. They always worked together—Jed, that's the older, and Frankie—that's what we called 'em. We was loadin' some logs from a skid onto the sled. Frankie was on top startin' 'em down, and Jed—he was at the bottom. I don't know how it happened—I was on the other side of the sled. I heard Jed say, 'Be careful, Frank, that they don't slip under you!' Then, in a second, I

the two were almost alone. The elder brother seemed utterly oblivious to his surroundings, and sat holding the dying lad's hand—a cold, dark look upon his face that seemed to challenge fate to do its worst. The stillness of death had fallen upon the spot where, but a few moments since, all had been reckless gayety. The monotonous clicking of the telegraph seemed to measure off the feeble stroke of the dying boy's pulse.

"Jed?" whispered the boy.

"Yes, what is it, Frankie? I am here."

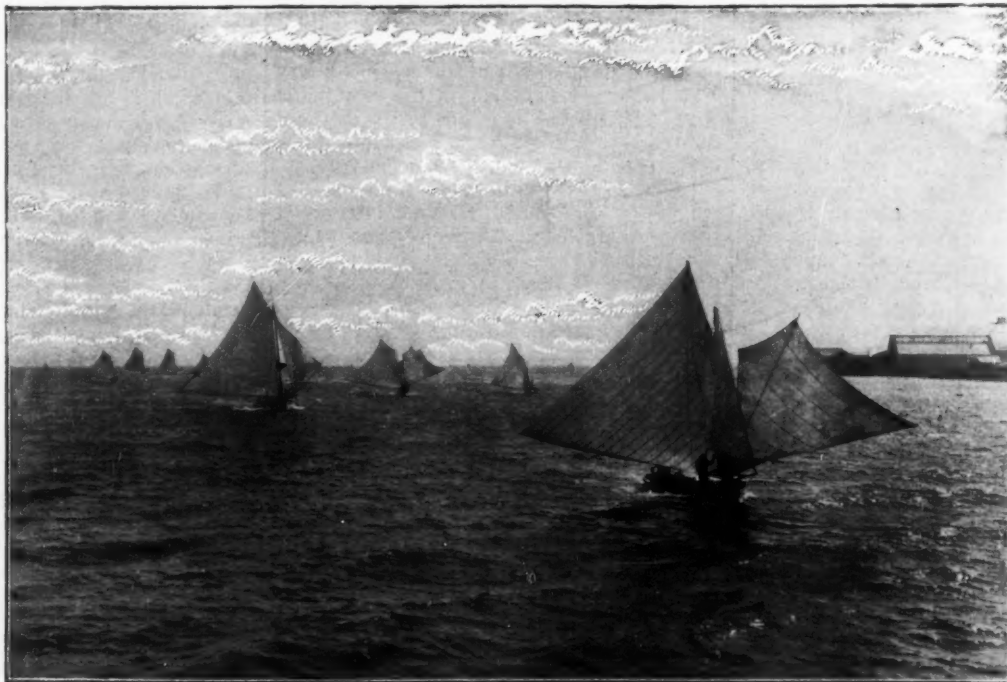
"Did you get the tickets to Maryville?"

"No, not yet, Frankie; there's time enough. The train is an hour late. I——"

"Yes, yes, I know, Jed. But you mus'n't get them. It will be no use. I shall die before the train comes."

"No, no—not that!" sobbed Jed, between clenched teeth. "You must live for my sake—live 'til we get to the hospital, then——"

"I can't, Jed. I know I am dying. So we must go the other way—East—back home. Take me back home, Jed, and ask father to forgive me—Home, Jed, home! Please lift my



A FISHING FLEET ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

cian," and a young man stepped forward and offered his card to the conductor.

"I hain't got anything to do with it," said the conductor; "you'll have to ask him," and he nodded towards the young woodsman who had just risen from beside the patient. "He's his brother, and he hain't left him a minute since we started from Kerley. I never saw brothers so mightily fond of each other as they are. Why, he won't even let anyone go near him."

Up to this time the elder brother, as he appeared to be, had spoken no word, although at the outset he had been plied with many questions from curious onlookers. They had received only a stony, unconscious stare in answer. Suddenly he seemed to realize that some courtesy was due to the sympathetic advances some of the gentlemen had tendered, but he kindly refused any proffered assistance. In a few words he explained that the lad was suffering intense pain and that nothing could be done until he reached the hospital at Maryville—"if he ever lives to reach there," he added, in a

heard Jed yell, 'Look out!' and then, 'Oh, my God!' Next I heard a scream. It scart me most out of my wits; it sounded just like a woman's shriek. Well, before I could get there Frankie was pinned in between some logs, and Jed was tugging away like a madman trying to loosen them.

"Finally we got him out, but he was all limp-like and out of his head. Jed cried like a baby, at first, then he grew cold and ugly, and wouldn't let anyone touch the boy,—said it wouldn't be any use and would only cause unnecessary pain, and that the doctors at the hospital were the only ones who could do anything for him.

"So the boys did what they could. We built that box with the end handles that he's layin' on, and started down on this train. I'm 'fraid he won't live to get there. Seems sometimes that he don't breathe at all."

In the meantime, at the other end of the room the suffering lad lay—his life slowly ebbing away. The waiting passengers had withdrawn quietly to other parts of the room, and

head a little; I can't breathe. There, that's better."

Just then the dying boy caught sight of the musicians off in the further corner of the room, and a flash of eager light shot into his eyes.

"Oh, Jed," he whispered, "do you suppose they would play? Oh, if they only would!"

Jed hesitated a second, then motioned the leader to him and whispered the boy's request in his ear. In a few minutes the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home" broke the stillness of the dingy old railway station.

"Oh, Jed, I'm so happy now! I'm not afraid to die. Hold me close, dear. It grows so dark——"

"Home, home, sweet, sweet—
Sweet——"

"My God, she is dead!" cried Jed, in a frenzy of grief. "My darling! My sweetheart! Before God, she was my wife," and the poor fellow fell prostrate across the crushed, but now painless form of his beloved.

The Westward-bound train whistled in over an hour late, but there was one whose dead ears heard it not, and to the other it conveyed no meaning, no hope.

SKETCHES OF SOME NORTH DAKOTA TOWNS AND COUNTIES.

By R. G. Reen.

In a recent trip through Richland, Sargent, Dickey, LaMoure and Ransom counties, in North Dakota, I was very pleasantly surprised by the betterments going on everywhere, in the country as well as in the towns. The people generally exhibited a hopeful, ambitious feeling which I did not expect to encounter in this territory. A new era of building, enlarging, repairing and painting is everywhere apparent. At first I was somewhat puzzled to account for this evident prosperity in the face of the continued low price of wheat, the chief product of this region; but, strange as it may appear, I think the general prosperity here is more attributable to that one cause than to all others. During the period of high-priced wheat all kinds of extravagant notions were indulged, and every cultivable acre of these farms was devoted exclusively to wheat production. Garden vegetables seldom received any consideration from the farmer; it was cheaper, he argued, to go to town and buy everything in that line, including his butter, eggs, pork, lard, and beef, than to give any thought or labor to producing them. But now this is all changed. Instead of going to town to buy these things, he goes there to sell his surplus of them. I can safely say that there is not one farmer in this portion of the State who does not raise enough of all the necessities of life for his own use,—the great majority of them raising a surplus, which is found very convenient in trading for groceries, boots, shoes and clothing. Besides this little divergence from exclusive wheat-raising, a greater diversifying movement is in progress here which must be credited with a large measure of the present prosperity. Cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, butter-making and wheat-raising are now the recognized avenues to success in these counties, and any person who is seeking a new location in Dakota will find all the elements of successful farming on those lines in this part of the State.

RICHLAND COUNTY.

It is now almost five years since I was in Wahpeton, the county seat of Richland County; and, although I expected changes, I was not prepared for the decided improvements and solid growth of the place during that time. The exodus of business concerns, following the prohibition movement, left many vacant store-rooms on the main street at that time, and I could not foresee how they were all to get business occupants, even in five years; but they are occupied now by substantial business houses, and many of the old frame buildings are replaced by solid brick blocks, several other blocks now being in course of construction. One of the most needed and notable improvements of the town is the hotel. This is a handsome brick structure, really one of the most attractive hotel buildings in North Dakota, and it is equipped with all modern conveniences and furnished so as to conduce to the greatest possible comfort of the guests. Another public improvement of which the place should feel proud, is the opera-house. This is a substantial cream-brick block facing on the main street. It is one of the most charming little opera-houses in the Northwest. It has ample seating capacity for all events, and it is fitted

and decorated with artistic taste. Other public and private improvements are contemplated, and the early spring will witness important and much-needed street improvements.

It would be difficult to account for these improvements during the hard times in any other region, but this place has not specially felt them. The county and town have grown steadily in wealth and population during the past five years, and the improvements above noted are not the results of an ostentatious boom, but of a necessity for increased business facilities. Richland is one of the most highly-favored counties in the State. It is well-watered, large in area, highly productive in soil, has excellent railroad facilities, and lies wholly within the Red River Valley, which makes it very reliable for the annual production of crops. Land tributary to Wahpeton is held pretty high, but in other portions of the county land is quite reasonable; especially in the southern portion, where three very prosperous little towns have grown up in the past few years.

The first of these towns in the southeastern part of Richland is Fairmount, located at the crossing of the Milwaukee, Soo Pacific and Great Northern railroads. This is a busy little place. It has grown rapidly and substantially during the past two years. It is surrounded by a magnificent agricultural country of unsurpassed fertility. The soil is a rich black loam of unusual depth, and it produces an average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre and all other cereals proportionately. Fairmount has a population of about 250, made up of a bright, energetic, intelligent class of people who work in harmony for the advancement of the place. The town has three lines of railway, two good hotels, a solid State bank, a town hall, and a full line of strong mercantile concerns. Two more desirable enterprises—a flour-mill and creamery—are now being promoted, and no doubt the early spring will see both industries started. The town gets a great deal of trade from Wilkin and Traverse counties in Minnesota. This, with its own territory in Richland, gives Fairmount an extensive scope of farming country that is sure to make it permanently prosperous. A good many Michigan and Wisconsin people have settled in the neighborhood, and they are all comfortably situated. Wild lands can be bought in this region from eight to fifteen dollars per acre. The country is uniformly level, with a very gentle incline towards the Bois Du Sioux.

The next important town in the southern part of Richland County is Hankinson. This is situated on the main line of the Soo Pacific, where it forms a junction with the Kulm branch of that road, and on the Aberdeen branch of the Great Northern. The town lies on the edge of the celebrated Wild Rice Valley, and has a splendid country back of it. The country around Hankinson is a gently-rolling prairie with a black loam soil and a porous clay subsoil. Large crops of all kinds of cereals are produced here, and a complete failure has never been known. Diversified farming has made notable progress in this part of the county, and the business men of Hankinson do their utmost to encourage it further. A great many

attractive locations for cattle, sheep, or hog-ranches can be purchased cheaply in this region—as well as cheap land for general grain-farming. Wild land tributary to town can be bought for five to twelve dollars per acre. Many of the recent settlers here—those that have operated intelligently, are now well-to-do and are unstinted in their praise of this section as a stock and dairy country. The town has a number of new stores, and many new residences were built last year and numerous others are planned for the coming spring. The old hotel has changed hands and is now owned by experienced hotel men who have thoroughly remodeled and refurnished it, making it a most attractive and comfortable place; the flour-mill has been refitted and enlarged, and is now one of the most modern in equipment in the West; the starch factory, a local enterprise, has proved a great success to its projectors and a great benefit to the farmers, and the town is well supplied with all lines of business houses, a State bank, elevators, good school and church facilities, and all the social advantages that it is possible to find in a refined and civilized community of 400 people.

Lidgerwood, as you will note by the map, is still farther west on the Kulm branch of the Soo and the Aberdeen branch of the Great Northern. It is the last town on these lines in Richland County. The country tributary to this point is a rolling prairie with a black, sandy loam and clay subsoil, and is an excellent grain-growing region. Some advancement has been made here in diversified farming, and it has proved quite profitable to those who have undertaken it intelligently. The business people are trying to encourage it in every possible way. Settlers around Lidgerwood are mostly Germans. There is a scattering of Bohemians and Scandinavians, and a few Americans, nearly all of whom are well situated. There is yet lots of room for new settlers with some means. Good wild lands can be bought within six or eight miles of the town for seven to ten dollars per acre, improved farms being relatively cheap. Lidgerwood is a very prosperous trading point. It reaches out great distances south and west for support, and is rapidly developing into a smart, thrifty commercial point. The population of the place is about 350. All lines of business are well represented. There are four general stores, two hardware stores, a drug store, two lumber-yards, four elevators, a State bank, and a 200-barrel flour-mill. The flour-mill is one of the best in the State, having been recently equipped with the most improved flour-milling machinery. The old hotel has undergone considerable changes, both in ownership and furniture, and is now one of the most pleasing and habitable places along the route. It is neat, clean and comfortable and reflects the desire of the landlord to make it as homelike and attractive as possible.

SARGENT COUNTY.

This county lies west of the south half of Richland. It is thirty-six miles long from east to west, and twenty-four miles wide north and south. Over one-third of this county lies in the Red River Valley, and the remainder of it is drained from the north and west. In the eastern portion of the county the soil is a dark-brown loam from ten to fifty inches deep, mixed with a fine sand and supported by a porous clay subsoil. The surface soil of the central portion of the county is less sandy, but it is of coarser texture, more fertile, and requires more radical treatment for successful crop-raising, the subsoil being a stiff, hard clay. In the western part of the county the soil changes from a black to a light sandy loam, and the subsoil from clay to sand and gravel. The

middle of the county is a gently-rolling prairie, and the western portion is rolling and broken. The southern portion of the county is well supplied with railroads—the Soo and Great Northern east and west, and the Milwaukee north and south. The Northern Pacific runs into the county as far as Milnor, along the north line of the county. The principal towns of the county are Milnor, on the north side of the county, and Forman, the county seat, in about the center of the county. Although Milnor is but a couple of miles from the north line of the county, it is the largest and most important town in Sargent and was for a long time the judicial seat. It still maintains its old prestige as the chief commercial point in the county. The town is located on the southwestern rim of that remarkable portion of North Dakota known as Lake Agassiz, and gets a great deal of its support from the very fertile portions of Ransom County on the north and Richland County on the east. The great expanse of country south and west, in Sargent and Ransom counties, also depends on Milnor for supplies. The place was solidly built some years ago. For a year or so after the removal of the county seat it did not make much progress, but now that is all changed; a new feeling has taken possession of the people, and they are improving their town and reaching out for new enterprises and new people to settle and develop their country. This spirit finds expression in a cash bonus of one thousand dollars which they offer to any practical miller who will build a medium-size flour-mill in their town; and, as a suggestion to any person looking for such an opening, I beg to say that I consider this one of the best opportunities in the Northwest. The population of the place is about 400, and the business men are an energetic, go-ahead class. The town has good school, church and other social advantages and is, altogether, quite an attractive little place. One of the enterprises recently started there is a creamery known as the Farmers' Co-operative Association of Milnor. During the past season it has proved a great financial success. The land in this region is a black loam from eight to thirty inches deep, and it is well adapted to all kinds of grain-growing and for diversified farming. The price of good wild land, tributary to the place, ranges from five to ten dollars per acre. Improved farms may be had from ten dollars up. People who are looking for locations where grain-growing, stock-raising, dairying and other kindred industries can thrive side by side, are directed to this region.

DICKEY COUNTY.

Dickey County joins Sargent on the west, and is highly favored by nature in many respects. The county lies wholly within the drainage of the James River Valley, and overlies the great artesian belt of North Dakota. It is a well-watered country. The James River crosses the eastern part of the county from north to south, and is joined near Oakes by Bear Creek from the northeast. The Maple River and its tributaries run through the center of the county, and the Elm, with its numerous little branches, waters the western portion. Several artesian wells of great force and volume are already supplying water for the larger towns of the county. This division of the State's territory is forty-eight miles long east and west and has a width of twenty-four miles north and south. A large strip of land in the western part of the county is quite hilly and broken and not at all adapted for general farming, but it is one of the most desirable portions of the county for stock-raising, and is now being used extensively for range purposes. Other narrow strips of broken land lie along the James River and Bear Creek in the northern



FARM RESIDENCE OF R. H. HANKINSON, NEAR HANKINSON, NORTH DAKOTA.

part of the county, but, apart from these, the surface is uniform in soil and character, and it is not overestimating when I say that 130 to 140 acres of each quarter will make good tillable land and that the remainder will usually be found desirable for meadow patches. The whole county is uniformly level, being a gently-rolling prairie. The soil, in the level portion of the county east of the James River, is a black, sandy loam with a clay subsoil; west of the river, to the Coteau hills, it is a dark-brown loam with porous clay subsoil, well adapted to growing all varieties of cereals and early corn. Three good towns and a number of small ones are pretty well scattered through the county. The first town of importance in the east side of the county, is Oakes. It is located on the Kulm branch of the Soo, the North Dakota terminus or the C. & N. W. Railway, and on the Northern Pacific line. Oakes is one of the most prosperous and promising towns in this whole section. The place has a population of 500, two newspapers, a State bank, twelve stores, two elevators, two grain-houses, a feed-mill, a creamery, a flour-mill, two first-class hotels, excellent school and church advantages, and is in every way a modern, progressive place. The general stores here are large concerns—verging more on the department-store order than on the ordinary general stores found in towns of this size. One will find that the business men are keen, active, intelligent, and that they work harmoniously for the benefit of the town and always stand ready to advance any project that would add to the town's real prosperity. The land tributary to Oakes is invariably good, and the country is pretty well settled; but there is abundance of room for more settlers here, and those who have a little money can find good opportunities around Oakes. The price of land ranges from \$5 to \$12 per acre. Any person can see that the railroad and market facilities enjoyed by this point render it a very convenient and desirable locality.

The next important town in the county is Ellendale, the county seat. This is located in about the center of the county, east and west, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Great Northern railroads, and is a permanently established and successful community. It has about 600 inhabitants, and is as busy and bus-

tying a little place as it is possible to find. There are good schools and churches, all lines of mercantile establishments, two banks, an elevator and grain-house, a 150-barrel flour-mill, a very successful creamery, and all the equipments of a thoroughly up-to-date place. There is considerable room for new settlers in this neighborhood. Good wild lands can be purchased here for five to ten dollars per acre—in the western part of the county for considerably less. Land in the western part is not so good, however, although it is very desirable for range purposes. An artesian well was sunk here, some time ago, to the depth of 1,200 feet, and at a cost of \$4,000. An excellent flow of water was obtained through a four-inch pipe with a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch. This water is now used for all domestic purposes and for fire protection, and a movement is now underway to utilize its power in various industries. There is practically no limit to the amount of cheap power which it is possible to get from this source, and the time is rapidly approaching when it will usurp the place of coal, not alone as a source of power, but as a producer of heat in electrical and other forms.

Great things are possible for this county. Water is now within the reach of everyone who can afford it. An artesian well on your farm irrigates your land, turns your machinery by day and makes light by night, and will enable farmers to have all the conveniences of modern city life.

LA MOURE COUNTY.

La Moure County connects with Dickey on the north and has about the same area. Its topographical conditions, however, are different. The extreme eastern part of the county is very hilly and broken, and the western portion is full of ridges and spurs of the Coteau hills—an admirable stock region. The center of the county is a rolling prairie, except where bluffs are created along the James River, Bone Hill Creek, and Cottonwood Creek, which flow in a southeasterly direction through the county. The land in the center of the county is nearly all tillable and is wonderfully productive. Its soil is a black loam of good depth, underlaid with a porous clay subsoil.

The principal towns of the county are La Moure, the county seat, and Edgeley, located

at the terminus of the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee railways. This town is situated in the southwest part of the county, and is well favored with a highly productive territory to sustain it. The population is about 300, and consists of a bright, clever class of citizens who are making strong efforts to attract new people to help them develop their magnificent country. In 1893 an artesian well was sunk, at the expense of the town, to a depth of 1,480 feet. A continuous flow of pure water, through a six-inch pipe and with a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch, was obtained, and it has never been applied to any use save that of a general town well. Towards the completion of the well a strong current of air was noticed escaping through the pipe, and some bystander suggested that it was gas. It was tested, and proved to be a fine illuminating gas. It created but little comment at the time, as some foul air or gas was looked for in crevices of the rocks and was expected to subside when the water began to flow; but it is now nearly four years since the gas first appeared, and it flows with as much strength, and burns as freely, today as it did then. It is forced up through the pipe with the water, and burns fiercely when set on fire. An odd spectacle is presented when the whole stream of water is aflame. It is very strange that more has not been written about this phenomena in North Dakota, as it suggests the possibility of great gas-wells underlying this portion of the Northwest. This great well, with its peculiar gas supply, is flowing uselessly over the prairie today, whereas both agencies might be profitably employed in performing useful and economical service which would add to the wealth and comfort of the people.

Land in this region can be bought for five to eight dollars per acre, and intending settlers would do well to look up this territory. It is equally well adapted for general farming or for exclusive grain-growing, but diversifying methods are going to prove more successful in this, as well as in all other portions of the Northwest.

THE CYANIDE PROCESS PATENTS.

According to word received by the New York *Sun* the High Court at Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, has declared void the Macarthur-Forrest patents for the cyanide process for the recovery of gold. This decision was given in a suit brought by the combined gold-mine owners of Johannesburg and the Transvaal. It was in 1891 that the two Scotchmen took out patents all over the world for the cyanide process of gold recovery. They were so early in the field in the South African Republic that the first patent—the one for dissolving the gold from its ores by the use of a dilute solution of cyanide of potassium—was only the forty-seventh patent issued by the newly organized Boer Republic. Their second patent, which covered a process of recovering the gold by passing the cyanide solution over zinc shavings in long tanks, was only number seventy-two of the South African Republic's patents.

In the two processes referred to lies the key to the whole of the system. The beginning of the process is to mix the finely-ground rock with a weak solution of cyanide of potassium. No particle of gold can elude this, and in the course of one to three days the whole of the precious metal is dissolved. In the second process the zinc shavings are placed in shallow tanks and these tanks are loaded with the cyanide solution. As the solution flows along the gold is precipitated upon the zinc, and then it is recovered as metallic gold by sublimating the zinc by fire. Shrewd men were among the Out-

landers who were running the mines at Witwatersrand, Barberton, Klerksdorp, Potchefstrom, and Malmani, and they saw the vast possibilities of the new process and began to use it at once. They did well and prospered; but the process was controlled by the African Gold Recovering Company, which refused to let any one use it without the payment of big royalties. These payments varied with individuals, but they were so large that they amounted to millions of dollars every year, and it became a common saying in the Transvaal that the invention had benefited the inventors a great deal more than it had the miners. The miners made efforts to get reductions of the royalties, but no agreement was reached. Then they determined to fight, and a peculiar feature of the Boer Republic's laws opened the way for a direct action. This was by an application to the Attorney-General to have the patent set aside because of a lack of novelty.

The Attorney-General appointed James Hay to bring such an action at the miners' expense in the High Court of Justice, the equivalent of our United States Supreme Court, and the court of last resort. It was asserted by the miners that, although the patentees of the cyanide process may have been original inventors, the chemical facts upon which it was founded were known long ago to the world, appearing in chemical and other publications and mining works, and that any skilled metallurgist having this knowledge could do just what was claimed by them as new. Further, it was asserted that the same thing had actually been done before, although not upon a large scale. Commissions were issued for the taking of testimony in the United States, Australia, New Zealand and England in the case. The most important field was in this country, where legal and other expert talent was employed to find evidence and take testimony in support of the case. After long research and a considerable expenditure of money they found that the cyanide process had actually been used in places in this country in 1885. The testimony was forwarded to Pretoria, the case was heard by the High Court of Justice, and the decision, the *Sun* avers, throws the process open to the public.

The *Scientific American* thinks, however, that there is danger of overestimating the weight which a judgment of the Boer court will carry, especially when it is remembered that the parties who will be most seriously hurt by the decision are Utlanders and Englishmen. "Not that we think the Boer court would intentionally give a decision at variance with the evidence; but in a suit of such magnitude as this we think that, in view of the recent strained relations of the Transvaal Republic, the mining companies of the United States and Australia will accept with some reserve the recent decision at Pretoria."

ANCIENT LAKE AGASSIZ BASIN.

Ever since the settlement of the Red River Valley, farmers and other observant residents have noted the many signs which told them that they dwelt in a region different from the surrounding country and, to all appearance, in an ancient lake basin. The flat, gently undulating surface, the great depth of the alluvial soil, the shells unearthed in well-digging, and, most conspicuous of all, the well-outlined ancient beaches, stretching northeasterly from Lake Traverse along the Minnesota boundary of the Red River Valley in an almost unbroken line for nearly 175 miles, were ample evidence of a great lake basin to the average resident, even had the geologists not come to the rescue and devoted years to the work of exploration.

During the past fifteen years the State geological surveys of Minnesota and North Dakota, and the Government geological surveys of the United States and Canada, have given prominent space in their published reports to a discussion of the nature, extent, source, depth and area of what is now generally known as the great glacial Lake Agassiz. Especially prominent in this geological survey of Lake Agassiz has been Warren Upham, who, beginning his work of exploration under the direction of State Geologist Winchell for the State survey in 1881, has since extended his investigations into North Dakota for the United States survey and into Manitoba for the Canadian survey. These explorations, says the Crookston (Minn.) *Times*, however important they may be to geological science, are of special import and value from an agricultural standpoint, and particularly to intending settlers.

This extensive ancient water-body is supposed to have had a length of 600 miles, reaching from Lake Traverse, on our western boundary, to Lake Winnipeg, and a width varying from thirty miles at Lake Traverse to over 200 miles above the international boundary. Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Red Lake and Lake Traverse, in our own boundary, Devil's Lake, in North Dakota, and Lake Winnipeg, in Canada, are its most conspicuous modern representatives, and are landmarks which serve as corner-posts to denote the limits of the inclosed vast alluvial domain. That section of the Lake Agassiz beach-line lying in Minnesota is a smoothly-rounded ridge of sand and gravel, entirely different from the finely-ground clayey till of the land adjoining, and rises from three to ten feet above the land on the side away from the lake-bed and from ten to twenty feet higher than the land on the side where the lake lay.

The beach-line stretches north-northwest from Lake Traverse 150 miles to Maple Lake, near Mentor, between Crookston and Fosston. It then runs a trifle north of east 130 miles to the Big Fork River, passing close to the south of Red Lake; thence north-northeast sixty miles to Rainy Lake, inclosing the valleys of the Big Fork and Little Fork rivers; thence east sixty miles to the east end of Rainy Lake, and finally along the north shore of that great water body, and northwest to Lake Winnipeg. The Red River and Rainy River valleys, the valleys of the Big Fork and Little Fork rivers, and all that section of country north of Red Lake and south of Lake of the Woods, stretching from the Red River Valley to Rainy Lake, a domain large enough to make two good-sized New England States, is in the supposed lake basin of that great inland sea now known to glacial geology as Lake Agassiz.

The soil of the Lake Agassiz basin is one of the most fertile known to agriculture. The alluvial of the Red River Valley, with its deep clay subsoil and heavy black covering, is a sample of the basin's fertility. It may not be uninteresting here to note that the soil of Southwestern Minnesota, in both the valley of the Minnesota and in the great alluvial plain of Faribault, Martin, Cottonwood, Jackson, Nobles and neighboring counties, are supposed to be contemporaneous and similar in composition with the soil of the Lake Agassiz basin. These southwestern counties, according to the geologists, lie in the basin of a second great glacial sea, contemporaneous with Lake Agassiz. Their fertility is marked. It is a significant and interesting fact in this connection that the floras of the Rainy River, Red River and Minnesota River valleys, according to the botanists, are remarkably similar, and differ in a marked degree from the flora east of the Mississippi and in the Lake Superior region.

A TRAVELING PARAGRAPHER.

A close observer of things in general and of humanity in particular modestly requests the reservation of a few lines, now and then, wherein he may exploit his views and cultivate his diction. Having restocked our reduction-works with a choice collection of large blue pencils, the Traveling Paragrapher, as we shall name him, is invited to come ahead. The subscription list will be hung up near the editorial desk, as a sort of thermometer by which to properly gauge his "stuff." He has numerous weaknesses, among which is a mania for dropping into the offices of our exchanges, taking the best chair, putting his feet on the table, and then breaking the camel's back with the proffer of a cheap cigar. On several occasions he has escaped violent ejection from said offices by making affidavit that his few gray hairs were the direct result of "pickin' pie and jerkin' a Washington."

It seems that the T. P. has recently encountered a general Chinook wind in Central North Dakota. It is not a familiar kind of weather in the Flickertail State. He writes:

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"Roadmaster Fitzgerald, of the Northern Pacific, and I undertook to reach the depot from the hotel at Minnewaukan last Wednesday night. We got there, but it required constant tacking. The wind was blowing a gale from the southwest, but the sky and air were as clear as on a still, frosty night. The wind was warm, the water from melting snow running in streams from the roofs. The vast piles of snow along the N. P. went down like a stack of white chips in a run of bad luck. Mr. Fitzgerald feared a shift of this wind around to the north, in which case there would be a freeze, and a consequent granulation of the snow, with the dreaded result of the snow-plows' work being undone in a few hours. For the snow in this country has the peculiar faculty of assuming the consistency of dry sand or granulated sugar when it freezes. In the Middle and Eastern States a thaw, followed by a freeze, puts a hard, glassy surface over the snow that sometimes may be skated upon. But it didn't shift, and my good friend, the roadmaster, had the pleasure of awaking next morning to greet a bright, warm sun that continued the work of the chinook until, in many places, the bare ground peeped through where had been, a dozen hours before, a foot or more of solid snow. That's a way the chinook has of doing business."

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He tells a story of meeting a preacher on a train in North Dakota, not long since, which is amusing. "The sedate, self-contained gentleman of the cloth was sitting opposite me," he says. "The train was 'held-up' by a snow-drift at the time and subjects for conversation had become more or less worn, even among the few ladies on the car. His reverence got hold of a late paper, somehow, and generously started in to tell us about the world's affairs. His first attempt rather took our wind, as it were. 'Say, now, I don't believe that's square. Sharkey never would have got any such decision had I been there. Fitzsimmons was clearly entitled to the stakes.' After the reverend gentleman had cooled his imagination, we in turn read all about the situation in Cuba and studied out the cartoon devoted to the sultan."

"About the most ridiculous sight I've been privileged to witness in recent years," writes the T. P., "was at the Fargo opera-house one day in November. I was with a little party of newspaper men who occupied seats in the left center of the circle. A very handsome woman, of distinguished appearance, graceful and self-possessed, came down the aisle with a lady and gentleman and passed on into the parquet. The three stood for a half-minute before going to another part of the house for seats. 'Behold the Irish Queen!' whispered my friend on the right. The most brilliantly conspicuous member of Fargo's divorce colony stood there in the aisle while a hundred and fifty pairs of eyes concentrated upon her magnificent form a stony stare that would have disconcerted the ghost of Hamlet. But they might have been so many chickens on a fence, so far as she was concerned."

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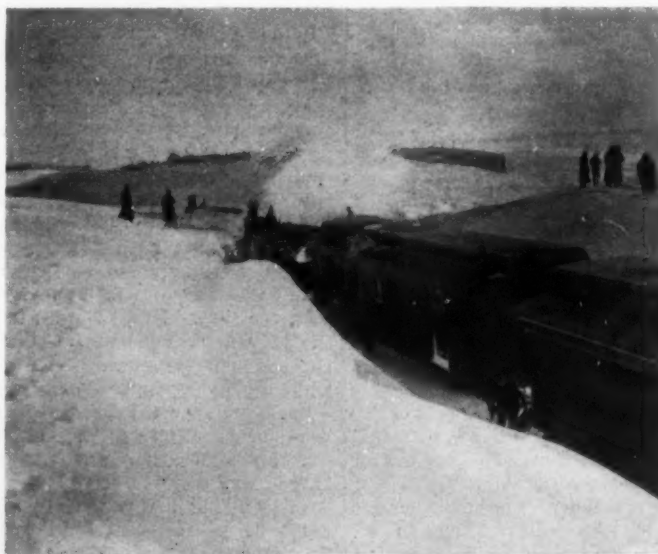
The Traveling Paragrapher does not always confine his observations to outside mortals. Now and then he squeezes into a tight place himself, or has an experience which points a moral and might adorn a tale. He writes a friend in this office of a cold he had recently—it was during that phenomenal snow blockade up north. "I arrived at a little town late at night and about half-dead," he says. "Cold chills ran up and down my anatomy like nigger-chasers. I sought the tiny hotel and tried to secure a warm room. Nit! Warm rooms were scarce; fuel ditto; while the house itself was so crammed with guests that congestion was threatened every moment. But I managed to stretch out, somewhere and somehow, and tossed and groaned through the remaining hours of a night I shall remember to my last day. In the morning there was a great scramble for breakfast—in which my misery forbade participation. Not long afterwards a patriotic spirit moved the citizens to go to the railway's rescue, and a delegation called at the hotel to request the co-operation of the husky traveling men. Some of these went and some didn't. I shouldn't have gone, but I did. I could not speak above a whisper. My bones fairly ached. But it was no use. 'See here, you!' a bevy of frisky fellows cried; 'you're 'husky' enough, the Lord knows, and a snow-shovel and a good sweat will make a new man of you. So, come along!' I went. We plunged through drifts till we reached the track, and up the grade we footed it till we came to the cut, where the railroad boys were

at work. It was a bitter cold morning. We tried to help, but could not. Not a man of us had either mittens or heavy gloves, and shovels were cold things to navigate that day. Snow blew down my back, up my trousers and into my shirt-sleeves. How I got back to the hotel I cannot say, but I got back. There was some good Dutch-made coffee, a lot of steaming onions and a half-bushel of potatoes on the table. I ate—ate more—drank coffee—felt well. My cold had been frozen out of my system!"

A SNOW BLOCKADE.

Snow blockades serious enough to delay railway travel are of rare occurrence in Northwestern States. Since the country was first settled there have been only four snowfalls heavy enough to give much trouble to the railroads. The first was in 1873-4, just after the Northern Pacific had been opened as far west as Bismarck. The road was not operated west of Fargo that winter, and it cost a good deal of money to open it in April, by shoveling snow out of the cuts, so as to supply the military posts near Bismarck. In 1881-2, if we recall the date rightly, there was a heavy snow that stopped the trains for a few days. J. T. Odell was then division superintendent for the Northern Pacific at Fargo, and he won a reputation for his energy and success as a snow-bucker. The winter of 1886-7 was another deep-snow season. The rotary plow had not been invented at that time, and the old wedge plow, driven by three or four locomotives, would often get stuck in a deep cut filled from bank to bank with snow, so that it was necessary to put a large gang of men at work with shovels. Now the rotary walks right through any ordinary drift, throwing the snow right and left for a distance of a hundred feet. Our illustration shows a train stalled near Valley City, N. D. A letter from Jamestown about the great snow which fell a month ago, says:

"The old-fashioned snow fences to protect cuts have proved more inefficient this year than ever before. In some places the drifts of snow have obliterated the fences entirely, and the cuts were filled to the top. The new snow-fence called the 'shanghai' is serving a better purpose. It consists of two or more broad boards nailed to posts set close to the track in cuts and inclined to receive the wind and deflect it downward to the track, by which the rails are swept clean."



RAISING A SNOW BLOCKADE.

"Snow blockades serious enough to delay railway travel are of rare occurrence in Northwestern States."



Pretty Bed-Spreads.

Among some pretty and fancy bed-spreads made for a country house are several of cretonne to match the hangings of the rooms where they will be used. They are lined with cambric, though this is not necessary, and have a deep frill all around.

To be Avoided.

Whosoever finds that she is developing any of the following symptoms may know that she is on the road to that undesirable state known as crankiness:

- Too orderly habits.
- Great fastidiousness in regard to food.
- A spirit of investigation in regard to dust.
- The conviction that reiteration is argument.
- A constant suspicion that what the servants say is not true.
- Promptness to attribute the worst possible motives to everyone's actions.
- Exclusive devotion to any one school of thought, literature, art or music.
- Impatience when the trolley-cars are not in sight whenever she wants them.

A Few Tidbits.

Some unknown writer has compiled the following epigrammatic bits of wisdom on love and women:

How true it is that when love rages common sense is extinct.

Before a woman can be compromised she must compromise herself.

When a man sees no way out of a difficulty, there is always a woman's way.

A woman can achieve more by ten minutes of gentleness than a man can by an hour of violent bluster.

It is so unnatural for a woman to be selfish that, when she is so, she is apt to be thought more selfish than any man can be.

A man seeks and demands a woman's first love. A woman feels most secure when she feels that she has a man's last love.

An honest avowal of love is always considered by a woman, whether she reject or accept it, as the highest recognition of her womanhood.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are many new things under the moon which we all pretend to see and which nothing would persuade us to speak of.

The purest and best of women always show the deepest and tenderest compassion for their fallen sisters. For a woman to be without sympathy is to be a woman without the highest trait of womanhood.

A Minnesota Girl in London.

Miss Elizabeth Banks, once a reporter on the St. Paul *Globe*, is having a remarkable journalistic career in England. She first attracted attention by writing the London *Times* a keen and lively answer to a sarcastic letter on America by Rudyard Kipling. She then went to the *Sun* and proposed, under its auspices, to investigate the servant question. This she did by hiring out as housemaid. Afterwards, she went to work in a laundry. She ended her adventures by posing as a wealthy American girl in search of a titled husband. These varied experiences she wrote up in a vivacious and telling way, which was vastly popular. Sir Walter Besant wrote a humorous article about

Miss Banks in *The Queen*. *Judy* and *Puck* each devoted a page to her exploits, which were duly chronicled in all the London newspapers. Mr. George R. Sims wrote a play based on her performances as parlor-maid, and our quondam Minnesota girl now finds herself one of the most famous women in Great Britain.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A Story With a Strong Moral.

A physician relates a recent experience of his which effectively points a moral. "I was called in not long ago," he says, "to prescribe for a young matron who, with no organic trouble, seemed to be rapidly running down. After a little investigation as to her habits of life, exercise, clothing, etc., I asked her what she ate. 'Well, not very much of anything,' she replied. For breakfast—I pinned her down—she confessed to having nothing but a roll and a cup of coffee. 'Don't any of you eat meat for your breakfast?' 'No,' she replied. 'For luncheon we have bread, butter and a marmalade, a cup of tea and a plain cake.' Dinner was her best meal. I looked around her home. It was tasteful and pretty. She was daintily dressed. I saw on her table a basket of sewing, evidently a gown in process of making. I thought I saw a glimmer of light. I emulated Sherlock Holmes. 'Will you pardon me if I ask if you are able to manage your household expenses on the allowance your husband makes you?' She was surprised. Then she added, proudly: 'I not only live on it, but I save out of it.'

"That was exactly what I thought, for I've had those allowance patients before. In fact, I was the victim in my own home of the allowance system till I converted my wife. I have come to the conclusion that a weekly allowance sum for household expenses is to the average woman a great source of temptation. She will starve herself, or her family, by lopping off the food supply—it is done almost unconsciously—to buy some pretty trifle for the home or an extra gown, instead of beefsteak, that ought to have been eaten, as in the case I have referred to. My patient got well as soon as she began to eat heartily."

Give the Lady Your Left Arm.

Coupling a bit of history with a bit of facetiousness, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* says that an authority on etiquette in New York declares that the old rule has become obsolete, and that now a gentleman should give his right arm to his lady partner. We know no reason why this should be.

In ancient times a gentleman always walked by a lady's side in such a way as to give her the side nearest the wall. That was in the days of narrow sidewalks, and the polite motive was to protect her from being splashed by passing vehicles. It was the custom always to take the lady on the left arm or to lead her palfrey with the left hand in the days when men carried swords or hunted with falcons. The chivalric purpose was to give the lady the left arm and have the right hand free to use a weapon or to bear the bird. These reasons for giving her the left arm have died out, although it is sometimes even now desirable to have the right hand ready to pull a revolver or draw a razor.

But there are other reasons why the left is to be preferred. You want the lady to be nearest your heart, of course; and this you could not have otherwise. Of course, it might be replied that by giving her your right arm you come nearer her heart. But a more powerful reason for giving the left arm is that the right pocket is usually the one in which you keep your loose change, and you must be ever on the alert to reach that when you are escorting a lady.

Most men, too, are slightly deaf in the right ear, and you would not want to turn a deaf ear on a lady. The only time you really need take refuge in that infirmity is when you go home late; and the pillow will protect your left ear.

It is more convenient to raise your hat with your right hand, and this is an essential advantage in such cases where either of your arms is called into requisition on escort duty. There is a great deal in habit, and you will fully appreciate this if you attempt to put your right arm around her waist and take her hand with your left. If you can do this easily and gracefully you are either left-handed or ambidextrous, and very few men are.

The old way is the best way; give the lady your left arm.

Hall Caine and American Women.

Of American women in general, Mr. Hall Caine deems "it is only natural they should have become what they are—superior intellectually, or, at any rate, superficially so, to the men. That is, of course, as a class. There are always so many exceptions to every rule. But the thing has come about as a consequence of man's putting woman—American man, American woman—on a pedestal and worshipping her. He has stayed below the pedestal and worked for her, not having time, if he was the ordinary man of business, to cultivate his mind and manner while he so worked. But she has had plenty of time, and she has made the best use of it. In our country I consider that the reverse is the truth. The average Englishman is superior to the average Englishwoman in intelligence and education. That is because he is liable to think of himself and his sons before he thinks of his wife and daughters. And Englishwomen have conscientiously upheld him in his attitude toward them, until comparatively lately, at any rate. In America, on the contrary, I fancy that women have known their own value and set it rather high, for a number of years—a couple of generations, at least." In personal appearance Mr. Caine finds our women "prettier, more attractive, more bewitching, than Englishwomen, but not so regularly beautiful. The straight, almost Greek nose and the ineffably lovely and haughty upper lip of the most perfect type of English girl I have not seen equaled in America, I must say."

How Fashions in Millinery are Started.

The head of one of the large millinery houses in Paris explained the other day to an inquirer how fashions were originated. His private office is a quaint little place, hung with bookshelves which contain bound volumes of every fashion-plate ever printed in Paris. Endless old plates and engravings are included. He took down a book of Louis XVI. plates with the remark: "There are five artists at the head of our sixty workwomen who sit at a table with these Louis XVI. plates before them. They do not copy; they are simply inspired with ideas from looking at these. Then the finished result is put in the show-room to try it on the public."

Sometimes a fashion is launched curiously. An old book containing colored engravings of flowers, each with a woman's face for a center, was the inspiration for the hat of the leading actress in "The Wandering Jew," the enormous size of the flowers on it being its characteristic feature. Bernhardt saw the hat and took the idea for her headdress in "Gismonda." The next day all the artificial flower-makers in Paris were busy supplying the demand for flowers three times their natural size.

In Paris, millinery is looked upon as an art or profession, and amateur milliners are looked down upon as would be an amateur doctor.

The working milliner is far more apt to be of gentle birth than the girl in the dressmaking shop. Millinery is dainty, protected work that requires an artistic nature, and young girls of good family, who are without a dot, often go into the profession. The head milliner in a smart house often receives \$150 a month, and in large houses the working girls are looked after in their outside life in a kindly, but not officious way. The girls' lunch is furnished them, this being done for fear that, if they lunched outside, they would forget and chatter to their friends in other establishments of the new styles. One cannot imagine the jealous care with which the new styles are guarded.

One American who managed to penetrate one of the places in Paris where are manufactured the exquisite flowers which stamp a Paris hat as far as it can be seen, says that the place is lovely as a boudoir. Old tapestries hang on the walls and flowers run rampant over trellises; trays of lacquer are filled with roses, bamboo stands are covered with ferns and plants, and bowls of mignonette stand in evidence everywhere. Everything possible is done to cultivate the artistic sense.

Our January Scrap-Book.

An egg, added to the morning cup of coffee, makes a good tonic.

A mustard plaster, made with the white of an egg, will not leave a blister.

If a curtain-pole is rubbed until smooth with a woolen rag dipped in kerosene, the rings will run on it much easier.

The juice of a pineapple cuts the membrane from the throat of a diphtheria patient when nothing else will.

Dissolve a little salt in the alcohol that is to be used for sponging clothing; particularly where there are greasy spots.

Bronzes should be placed in a strong light. Marbles should be placed in half shadow. Portrait busts look best in a corner near a window, if possible.

Lamp-chimneys may be easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a teakettle, rubbing with a soft cloth, and finally polishing with paper.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take the paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spots as often as necessary, and wash out in warm suds.

If house-plants become frozen, darken the room and sprinkle with water from the well, with a few drops of spirits of camphor in it. Keep the temperature at forty-five degrees for twenty-four hours.

When ironing, if the iron is rough and sticks and is difficult to work, sprinkle a little salt on the ironing-board and rub the iron up and down upon it. It will speedily make the iron smooth again and prevent its sticking.

Borax is a convenient article to have in the kitchen. Added to the water in which dish-towels are to be washed, it will help to keep them in good color. Moreover, by softening the water it tends to keep the hands soft and white.

Either sand or flour will extinguish burning oil. It is therefore a good plan to have one of these ready to hand in any house where oil lamps are used. On no account must water be used on burning oil, for it only serves to spread the flames and might result in a disastrous fire.

If the children are troubled with bleeding of the nose when they become overheated or excited in their play, place a roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth under the upper lip and press hard on the same. This will arrest the bleeding, as it will check the passage of the blood through the arteries leading to the



SEEING THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT.

head. It is a very simple, but effective cure.

An old-fashioned, but a good way of testing the heat of an oven for baking cake, is to put a piece of white paper on the oven grate, close the oven door, and let it remain five minutes. The paper will be a light brown in color if the oven is moderately hot, but if the paper is yellow the oven is cool. Most cakes require a moderately hot oven, and some, such as sponge cake without butter, require a cool oven at first.

A Woman Has No Age.

Addressing itself to the subject of woman's age, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says that it is one topic upon which women are invariably silent. She comes into possession of that idiosyncrasy of the sex as soon as she is of age. From earliest infancy to eighteen she desires to be thought older than she is; that is, to be old enough to be considered a woman. The moment she becomes a woman she becomes silent on the subject.

It has been so from the earliest generation, and man delicately observes a discreet respect for her now-recognized immunity from question on the subject. A woman has no age. Even in the marriage license the infringement of a woman's right is ended by asking the question, not how old she is, but whether she is over eighteen. Even in the most ancient chronicles, while there is no attempt to conceal the fact that Methuselah was 969 years old and Adam

was 930 years old, allusion to the age of every woman from Eve down is notably omitted except when it becomes absolutely necessary to point the narrative. Even on the subject of marriage the same reticence is observable. For instance, Isaac's age is frankly admitted to have been forty years when he married Rebekah, but not a word is said about her age, although the knowledge would be of great interest.

It is well known that women mature at an earlier age than men, but the secret has been carefully concealed until it was recently disclosed, by the inquisitorial statistician, that on an average women live to a greater age than men. The statistician who has told us how old nearly every great ancient was when he died, has failed to record the age of women at their death, so that we do not know whether Eve, Sarah, Rebekah and the other notable women of their time possessed the same advantage of longevity. In America that is now known to be the case, and in one State during the past decade the number of women living to eighty years of age was double that of men, and in most of the States, especially in the East, the proportion of very old women is greater than that of very old men. This is the danger which lurks in a woman's silence as to her age. It has given her an advantage over the other sex never suspected. The real truth is, that in this as in every other respect, gentle woman is superior to self-satisfied man.

WASHINGTON'S CAPITAL.

The tourist or prospective investor who visits the Northwest and fails to see Olympia, misses one of the most beautiful cities on Puget Sound, as well as a delightful trip. It is three hours' journey by water from Tacoma and well worth seeing, being a quaint, attractive place, the very atmosphere of which is impregnated with historical romance. The locality was for ages a favorite rendezvous for the Indians in their periodical gatherings. While this section was still a portion of the territory of Oregon, Levi L. Smith, desiring to plat a city, selected the present site of Olympia as most suitable for his project, and the first house was built where Young's Hotel now stands. In the spring of 1850 the Smith claim was formally dedicated as a town and was called Olympia, the name being suggested by the snow-capped mountain range to the north, the beauty and grandeur of whose lofty peaks seemed to form a fit dwelling for the Olympian gods.

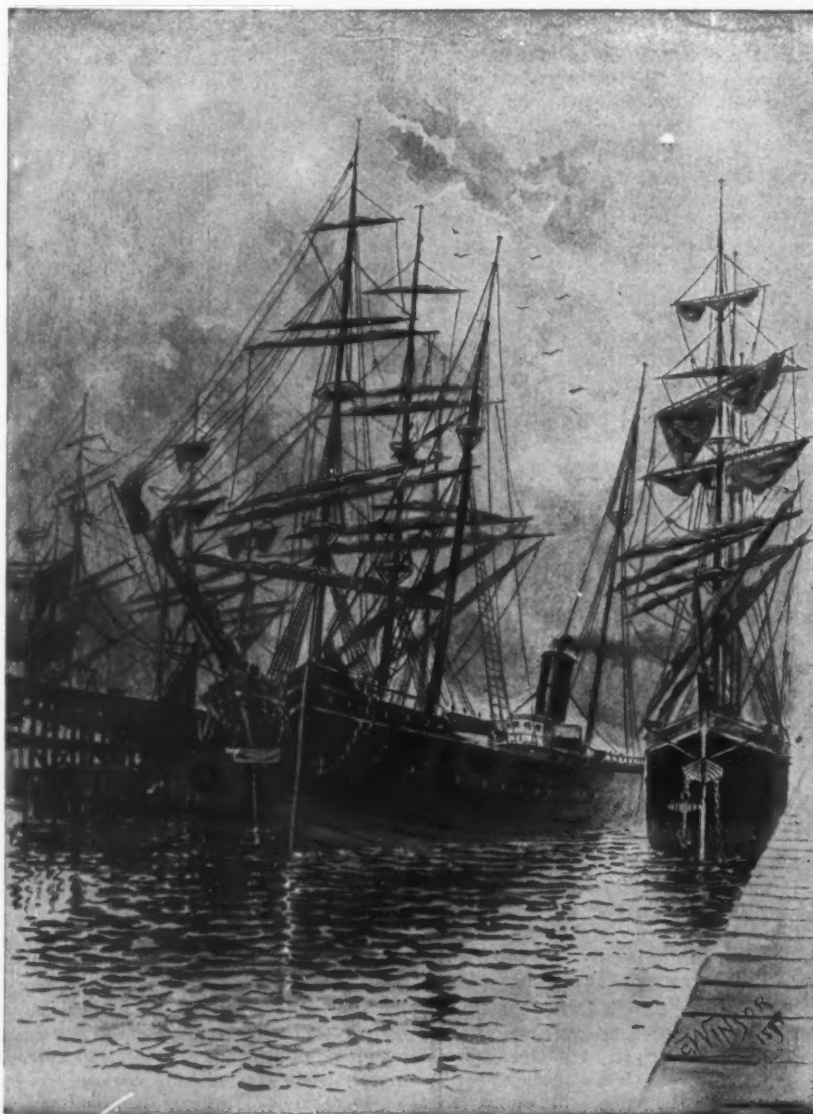
Although part of the residence portion is hilly, Olympia has an advantage over its neighbors in having a generous allotment of level ground for its business streets, which are broad and laid out at right angles. The Olympia Hotel, the court-house,—made of native stone,—the school buildings, theater and hospital are among the finest structures in the Northwest, and, being advantageously located, add materially to the appearance of the city. There are many handsome homes surrounded by well-cared-for grounds, even the most modest cottage having a generous yard, and as the grass is green and the flowers bloom the year round, they are always beautiful. The capitol site, the finest in the United States, is at present occupied by an odd, rambling, old-fashioned white building, soon to be replaced by a two-million-dollar structure for which contracts have been recently let.

The main part of the city is situated on Budd's Inlet, at the lower extremity of Puget Sound. The buildings which accommodate its business enterprises and eight thousand inhabitants are close enough together at the end of the Inlet to give rather a compact appearance, but along the hills, that slope gradually down to the sides of the miniature bay, the residences are more scattered. The city extends to the south along either side of the Des Chutes River, which flows down to the Sound, between high banks, from the little village of Tumwater (falling water), which is ten minutes trolley-ride from the Olympians, who call it a suburb—a claim indignantly denied by Tumwater, for, with its two or three hundred inhabitants, natural park and wonderful waterfalls, Tumwater considers itself of sufficient beauty, if not of enough importance, to be ranked as an independent city. Tumwater affords the best of facilities for industries requiring water-power, for just here the Des Chutes breaks into a series of splendid waterfalls three in number. Further on, where the river empties into the Sound, the channel has recently been deepened and broadened by Government appropriation, so that the inconvenience caused by the tides has been entirely done away with, and the many steamers which ply between this point and other cities on the Sound now offer even more excellent accommodation for passengers and freight than formerly, and brisker competition for its railroads. Someone once remarked most happily

that Olympia had the strategic railway position of the whole Sound Country, its position in regard to the Sound being the same as that of Chicago in relation to the Great Lakes. The large logging interests and fine ranches adjacent, make it an important center of supply as well as a lively shipping station. The cool, delightful summers, the even and invigorating climate and the many beautiful spots for outings have made this locality quite a resort for tourists in search of health or recreation. The hunting is good, and Puget Sound furnishes many varieties of fish, as well as geoducks, mussels and shrimps, and the epicure who has never tasted the tiny Olympia oysters and delicate clams has something yet to live for.

The men who took up their claims here fifty years ago must have had a rare perception of the beautiful as well as a keen appreciation of utility, for they chose one of the loveliest spots in the Northwest. Away to the north, shutting off the land that lies beyond, the Olympic Range lifts its many mountain peaks towards the sky, and against their mighty feet the waters of the bay seem to break restlessly, the surface sometimes green and tempestuous, and sometimes a radiant blue, flecked with the foam of the whitecaps,—oftener still a deep, calm gray—but always swiftly flowing as the tide goes in or out. On beyond, where the water widens as it flows past Priest's Point, its arms glide protectingly about the lit-

tle islands, which are innumerable and very beautiful. In the surrounding country the Indians had their happiest hunting-grounds in the forest primeval, with its heavy growth of trees—spruce, pine, hemlock, fir and cedar—standing straight and lithe and tall from among the tangled undergrowth of alder, dogwood, vine-maple and other shrubs and bushes, which in turn rise above many varieties of flowers, delicate mosses, and trailing, graceful vines, all of which, with their myriad colorings, make the autumn in this country a wonderful blending of brilliant and hazy tints. With the sunset the bright hues die and the fog curls up from the water and covers them with its pall. As it floats about the lofty trees which stand in considerable numbers on the hills near the city in spite of the devastating work of fire and ax, it makes them resemble the tall, straight Indians who once hunted here; and, as it flows denser and reaches out towards the city more and more, they seem like the gray-blanketed ghosts of the dead Siwashes marching down in steady, strong battalions to wrest their one-time home from the grasp of civilization. All through the night until the dawn begins to break, the fog lies heavily over the land. First it clears away off to the East, where, like a lonely sentinel steadfastly guarding the sleeping city, stands wonderful old Mount Rainier—the crowning glory of the Sound—the brilliant



SEA-GOING SHIPS AS SEEN ON PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON.

beauty of whose triple peak flashes out of its sheath of darkness and with its sharp point wounds the tender side of the sky, from which pours down the crimson life-tide of another day.

ASSAY AND SMELTER VALUES.

Inexperienced prospectors and mine owners sometimes make serious mistakes concerning the actual market value of their ore, and these mistakes occasionally lead to the development of property from which they are never able to extract a pound of shipping ore. There is a vast difference between the assay value and the product value of ore, as every ore producer well knows, but which occasional owners of prospects do not seem to know. One day recently a man was complaining bitterly because a shipment he had made failed to pay treatment charges, though the assay value of the ore was much above the cost, and he had expended much labor and cash in developing the property. By way of illustration we will take an ore that assays, say, ten ounces of silver, thirty per cent lead and a half an ounce of gold per ton; the silver would be worth \$6.60, the lead \$15 and the gold \$10.33, a total assay value of \$31.93. Suppose the cost of mining was \$3, freight \$8 and treatment \$10, a total of \$21; this is \$10 below the assay value of the ore, and, strange as it may seem, there are prospectors and others interested in mining who would insist that the ore can be mined at a profit. But the smelters would figure the value out in this way: Silver, five per cent off for loss in treatment, leaving \$6.27; lead, ten per cent off for loss in treatment and \$1.25 deducted for freight charges from smelter to market, leaving \$6.75; gold, \$19 per ounce, making the value of the gold \$9.50; total value of the ore, \$22.50. Deduct \$21 for mining, freight and treatment, as above, and we find that the producer would have but \$1.50 left, a very slender margin. Of course, these are facts well known to all who have experience in selling ores, but other people are often misled by assay figures. — *Mining Investor*

SCIENTIFIC FORESTRY NEEDED.

The chief sources of supply of white pine are found in Northern Wisconsin and in Minnesota. Michigan used to be a heavy producer, but exhaustion has followed reckless cutting and forest fires, most of which have been the result of rank carelessness. Minnesota is today the heaviest producer of white-pine lumber in the country. White pine is exhausted in New England, Pennsylvania and New York, where formerly it made a great industry. How long will the white pine in Minnesota continue to make a great milling and lumber business at the rate of consumption current? In 1894 the forest fires swept away some \$12,000,000 worth of timber. And when the Red Lake pine lands become the subjects of the ax, how long will those forests last? Why not apply the principles of scientific forestry to the cutting of this white pine, so that reproduction may be secured by proper expert supervision of the cutting and prevention of forest fires, which get their destructive strength in the clearings from the mass of dry branches lopped off by the timber-cutters and left to be ignited, when the snow melts, by careless campers and hunters. There is an opportunity in Minnesota to prevent the speedy exhaustion of one of our richest natural resources. A pine forest, like any other forest, says the *Minneapolis Journal*, can be maintained by selecting mature timber to be cut and leaving the immature to grow up, and by compelling the removal of branches of trees cut and by fire prevention. The timber on the Minnesota Reservations is immediately valuable, and it should be guarded from reckless,

ruthless annihilation. If properly guarded, it can be made a perpetual resource of wealth.

THE NORTHWEST IN THE EAST.

The enterprise of Land Commissioner W. H. Phipps and C. W. Mott, general emigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, in sending their now famous exhibit car throughout the Middle and Eastern States, is worthy of imitation by all Western roads. The car, in charge of a competent man, was recently in Youngstown, Ohio, and the papers of that city speak of it in the highest terms. Everybody turned out to see the magnificent collections of Northwestern fruits, cereals, forest products, minerals, etc. The school children saw them en masse. The fact that one of Youngstown's former citizens is now a leading and very successful fruit culturist near Spokane, Wash., lent special interest to the inspection made. Wherever this exhibit car goes it arouses the deepest enthusiasm. Actual products speak louder than words, and seeing is believing. When these people of the East learn that a fair-sized fruit-farm or a good agricultural holding can be purchased with a comparatively small outlay of money, and that the same amount of labor expended upon them will produce very much greater results and yield larger profits than the less fertile soils they are now working, it sets them to thinking. Practical demonstration is what wins confidence. There is no going back of it.

VALUE OF BRONCOS AFTER DEATH.

Speaking of Western horses and the various uses they are put to after they have shuffled off this mortal coil, an exchange says that a concern in Philadelphia makes a profit of \$24 on the carcass of every horse which comes to it. In the first place, the hide is valuable, and the leather known as cordovan is taken from the skin over the rump. The other leather is soft, and is used mostly for slippers and heavy driving-gloves. The hair from the tail and mane is made into hair-cloth, and the short hair is used in stuffing cushions and horse-collars. From the hoofs oil is extracted, and the horny substance is sold to comb manufacturers. The leg-bones are used for knife-handles. The ribs and head are burned to make boneblack, after the glue has been extracted. By various processes phosphorus, carbonate of ammonia, cyanide of potassium and prussic acid are obtained, and attempts have been made to can the meat and ship it to Europe.

A BARBED-WIRE TELEPHONE LINE.

The telephone line operated by the citizens of Heppner is probably without a counterpart in all the world. Twenty-five telephones are on the circuit. In putting in this service, it was convenient to use a barbed-wire that was on the fence in connecting with the soda factory, about a half-mile above town. To all appearances the barbed-wire transmitted the sound as perfectly as the copper wire, so it was decided to try a line to the home of James Hager, about three miles from town, to whose place there was a barbed-wire almost the entire distance from Heppner. The result of this experiment was very satisfactory, it being said that one talking over the line can be heard more distinctly than over any line connected with the exchange.

This is a new idea, and may somewhat reduce the expense of constructing telephone lines. Nearly every ranch in the bunchgrass counties of Oregon could easily, and at a very small expense, secure telephone connections, as the wire fence is the only fence in such localities. — *Portland Oregonian*.

SPARE-MOMENTS.

A LONE RUN.—The longest "passenger run" in America is said to be that between Winnipeg, Man., and Fort William, Ont., on the Canadian Pacific. It is 426 miles, and the schedule time is eighteen hours and forty minutes.

FISHING FOR BAIT.—One hundred Tacoma fishermen are now earning a livelihood fishing for bait. To a novice in matters marine, this may seem a rather queer statement, yet such is the case, says the *Tacoma News*. The salmon season now being practically over, the fishermen of the city are turning their attention to seining herring, almost all of which are used for bait by the halibut fishing companies.

A RELIC OF OTHER DAYS.—A two-pound cannon-ball, the once discharged projectile of a mountain howitzer, may be seen in the window of Mart Donnell's drug store at The Dalles, Oregon, says the *Spokane Chronicle*. It was found by well-diggers in the rear of a feed-yard and about fifteen feet beneath the surface. Its early history would very likely be a part of that made when all this country was under the range of the guns of Fort Dalles.

CURIOUS RESULTS WITH SOFT WOODS.—One of the supports of Oregon pine in a deep level of the famous Comstock mine has been subjected to enormous pressure for twelve years. It is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife, and one of its sides is polished from the squeezing it has undergone. Yellow pine from the lower levels of the Comstock have been so compressed by the enormous pressure of the settling rock that its density exceeds that of *lignum vitae*.

A MONARCH OF TREES.—Oregon's largest tree, so far as known, grew about eight miles above the mouth of the Lewis and Clark River. Its circumference six feet from the ground and above the spur of the roots was sixty-two feet, making it over twenty feet in diameter. The body was as straight as an arrow and seemed nearly as large eighty feet from the ground as at the place of measurement. The unappreciative owner of the land on which it stood begrudged the space it occupied and burned the tree down.

HUGE WHITE OWLS.—The *Yakima (Wash.) Republic* speaks of a white arctic owl which was killed in that vicinity recently and stuffed for exhibition purposes. It measures fifteen feet and two inches from tip to tip of wings. Another specimen—and this one is alive—is caged in front of a grocery store in that town, and is of a light gray color. The *Republic* says that it has been years since these birds have been seen around Yakima, but that many of them have been captured or killed there during the last month or two.

WILD CATTLE OF THE PLAINS.—The *Pilot Mound (Man.) Sentinel* says that it is quite evident that the wild cattle that formerly inhabited the plains of the Northwest were the descendants of tame stock, as the buffaloes crossed readily with domestic animals. It is possible that when the mound-builders were, in some way, exterminated, their herds ran wild and multiplied on the prairies. In such a case the animals would change to some extent, since nature always adapts her creatures to the circumstances by which they are surrounded.



A Wicked Pun.

Maximillian Damm, the richest man in Mexico, is said to be worth \$40,000,000, but the *Chicago Times-Herald* thinks that it should be remembered that those Damm Mexican dollars are worth only fifty-three cents apiece.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger*.

A Saving Invention.

The Grafton (N. D.) *Record* man says that a Nebraska genius has invented a stovepipe joint that turns on without cutting off your thumbs or waking up the neighborhood. It is found to be a great saving of big words.

Doughnuts in His Midst.

One Michigan editor reports that he and the State are in comparatively easy circumstances. "With a long winter ahead of us," he says, "we are cheered by the knowledge that our cellars are filled with good apples, there is cider in the casks, and, best of all, the crop of doughnuts is in our midst. Let old Jack Frost do his worst." Happy Michigan! Happy editor! whose "midst" is still serene, despite a crop of doughnuts!—*Duluth News Tribune*.

Short, but Expressive.

The most expressive commentary on election results from the Democratic stand-point yet seen was received at this office shortly after the election in the form of a letter the full text of which appears below:

"H. M. Wheelock,
Pub. *Wheelock's Weekly*,
Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

"DAMN!

"Yours truly, _____,"

We Regret This.

In another column it will be seen that Dr. True, a traveling dentist, who sold common table-salt on the side at a dollar per pill-box, was recently drowned. We regret this; for we are not yet calloused enough to gloat over the untimely death of anyone. At the same time, we feel called upon to make a few remarks, under the head of "good of the order," and point the finger of warning to those who are going about town threatening to construct a large, triangular gothic head on us and turn our nose scow-wise. Doctor True once made this same assertion, because we wrote him up in a dull, heavy, characteristic way. We did not desire to injure or trifle with the doctor's fine feelings, but it was tax-paying time and we wanted our people to keep their money "to home." And now! The moral must be obvious to all who read. It is dangerous to monkey with a moulder of sentiment, especially if he has pale hair and a cast of countenance that would counteract a cathodic-ray convulsion of considerable corpulence.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

The New Clock Works Nicely.

I bought a new clock last week. One of those round nickle-plated clocks which have a bureau of information on the front page and a door-bell on top, and which cost \$1.50. This is the second clock of the kind we have had. The first one suited us all right for several years. It was quite a pet, but it got the rheumatism and

neglected to point out the time, and the calendar hand indicated the fourth of July on the same day that the cistern pump froze up. Some days it would wake the family up at 4 A. M.; then again it would do the brother act with the 9 o'clock school-bell. This kind of a clock was not doing us any good and it was given to the baby, who kissed it a few times with a hammer and in five minutes you couldn't get that clock into a milk-pail. Enough stuff dropped out of it to digest a mess of coupling-pins. How the man that made it ever got all those wheels, springs and shafting into a half-pint clock, will never be known to the general public. The new clock is working very nicely a few feet above the baby's hammer, and in the morning it sings its lay, waking up all in the house with the exception of the kitchen stove, which is troubled with cold feet this winter.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

A Tale of Woe.

The "Editorial Etchings" man of the Fisher (Minn.) *Bulletin* sings his requiem over the buried hopes of election in this unique way. It is a wail at once comprehensive and expressive:

"We are a combination of cusses, wails and disappointment. We had provided a shanghai rooster to crow for Bryan, and now our song of joy is turned to anguish—all on account of McKinley.

"We are a kettle of woe and are boiling over. McKinley and the whole blamed Republican ticket is elected, and, as a consequence, the Hannacrats are sassy and impudent. They give us the laugh and say, 'Go to! thou son of a silverite; get off the earth; for, behold! we are the people.' Then they wink one at the other and leer at us. Verily, my spirit waxeth sad.

"There are no post-offices, custom offices, land offices and various and sundry other offices in sight in the distance; for, behold, they belong to the Hannacrats. We are on a pole, and the biting north-wind bloweth around us and dallieth with our whiskers. We can't go any higher, for the pole isn't any higher; we can't come down, because there is no place for us to alight. Woe, woe is me!

"Where can we look for comfort? There is a dreary waste of Republicanism all around us. Nary an Ararat on which our ark can rest in safety—and the mad waves of Republicanism are rearing their heads to a considerable extent.

"We have no escape from the Republican. He is around us and about us, and—yes, on top of us.

"My soul is pregnant with grief and my heart bugs out with woe.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and likewise the Republican."

The Lay of the Hen.

The erudite editor of the Helena (Mont.) *Independent* has quit writing silver articles long enough to compose the following learned treatise on the barnyard hen. He says:

"While naturalists have devoted their lives to the study of most existing and extinct animals and birds, they have strangely neglected the hen. It has been said that the house cat is an unfathomable animal; but who knoweth the ways and the mind of the hen? During the recent campaign the always-reliable press reports stated that a Kentucky hen, after making a critical study of a silver dollar and the political situation, retired into her apartment and laid an egg on one side of which was a silver dollar in relief, and on the other side the initials W. J. B., with other appropriate campaign ornamentation.

"Now comes a Vermont hen, which is said to have studied a three-pound potato grown by a

neighbor of her owner and straightway laid an egg measuring 8½ by 6½ inches. Whether or not the egg had eyes like a potato, is not stated; but one would suppose that it had. Now, why do hens do these things? The mind of the hen is a fertile field for the telepathy sharps. Darwin spent months and years in studying the habits of moles and angleworms. Let us have an investigation of the hen. She is too important a factor in our social economy to be neglected any longer. Careful and persistent study of the hen may develop the higher civilization of that bird to the extent that, by placing illuminated and attractive calendars in front of the nests, hens will lay eggs showing the day of production. This will relieve our grocers of the trouble of placing over their egg-boxes such legends as 'Montana Fresh Eggs,' or 'Fresh Minnesota Eggs.'"

Mince Pies at Hell's Roarin' Camp.

Hell's Roarin' Camp has had many ups and downs, but the experiences of last Thanksgiving day will long remain green in the memory of some of its citizens. A young man struck that camp early in November, and went to work. He "bached" with Sim Sampson and Zed Darnell, who soon found that he was a little the best cook that ever hit the gold-camp of Hell's Roarin'.

On Thanksgiving morning they said to him: "Well, Bud, them slapjacks of your'n can't be beat this side of Delmonicker's."

"Oh, them's nothin'," said Bud. "Give me the proper trimmin's an' I could make a mince pie that would make your eyes bulge out; I'd make yer think ye were eatin' pies like yer mother ust ter make."

"What trimmin's ez required?" inquired Sim.

"Well, I reckon that if I had a quart of brandy, with the elk-meat an' dried apples we have on hand I could purty nigh fill the bill."

"Oh, if that's all," said Sim, "I'll rustle the brandy."

And so he did; but just where no one knows to this day, for Hell's Roarin' wasn't suspected of having a drop of liquor in it up to that time.

"Now I'm fixed," remarked Bud. "You fellows show up here prompt at dinner-time, and you'll find mince pies that ez pies."

All that morning Sim and Zed worked with zest, buoyed up by the one sweet hope of mince pie; pies that recalled to their minds the joyous days of youth in New England,—with its peace and plenty, its holy calm and pure delights, and carried them away back into the years ago, since which time they had put up with rude fare and privations that were unadorned by a single thought of happy hours of boyhood.

When noon came, at last, both dropped their tools with a sigh of relief, and made haste to the cabin. To push open the door and rush in was the work of a moment. But, once in, hope died a quick death.

Sprawled out on the bunk was Bud. The stove was stone cold. Not even a warm potato awaited them. Beside the prostrate form of Bud sat an upright and perfectly empty brandy-bottle. It told the sorrowful tale, for Bud was sleeping off one of the most satisfying drunks of his career.

They Gave Him the Marble Heart.

When Thomas Riggs, Jr., of the Seatco Manufacturing Company, Bucoda, Wash., became a valued member of the Concatenated Order of Hoo Hoo, he didn't have a middle name. Now, Hoo Hoo requires that each and every candidate shall have a middle name, and Mr. Riggs fell heir to a cognomen that is already turning his hair blonde with sorrow. His full name among the Hoo Hoo is Thomas Poetical Riggs, Jr. It describes his hallucination correctly. We say

hallucination advisedly, says the *Pacific Lumber Trade Journal*, because it is an **hallucination**, as will be related further on. Ever since Riggs discarded knickerbockers his hobby has been poetry. Many a night he sat up with Longfellow, Swinburne, Tennyson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Robert Burns, the Sweet Singer of Oshkosh, and others, and he was for many years a walking delegate of the Browning Club. His first round with the muse was on the occasion of the demise of a playmate. There were fourteen verses, the first of which read as follows:

"Willie had a purple monkey,
Climbing on a yellow stick.
And when he sucked the paint all off
It made him deathly sick."

The other verses were equally meritorious. Since that time Riggs and the muse have been on speaking terms frequently, but not always for publication. When he arrived at Bucoda his first work was to recite a poem to Frank Rotch, entitled "The Lay of the Hen." There were sixty-two verses, and Rotch fled into the mighty forest before it was finished. Then the "Boy Poet of the Skookumchuck" dashed off a few lines on "The Tereido and the Pile," which found its way into the village paper. Another poem of merit, entitled "Tallowblock Shall Not Grease Tonight," found favor with the loggers. Riggs tried it on Rotch before publication, and the next day Rotch fled to Central America. Since that event the muse has grown worse; pitch seams appeared; shakes, knots and sap became apparent, and the rules for grading showed symptoms of charley-horse. But Thomas Poetical Riggs, Jr., cared not. Every letter dashed off to anxious customers contained a verse or two. Even when the firm issued a circular on August 1 announcing the completion of a dam on the dam-site above the mill-site, Riggs could not refrain from adding a post-script in his well-known style. It read:

"Extend not to us the frozen face,
Nor turn to us the heart of marble hard;
Give us the glad hand with charming grace,
And with our lumber fill your yard."

A number of the circulars found their way to Seattle. The recipients were interested, at first, but when they came to the verse "they didn't do a thing but kick," as one of them put it. The day following, and the next day, and the day after, and all the old days since then, the worthy postmaster at Bucoda has marveled much at the receipt of a number of postal-cards addressed to Thomas Poetical Riggs, Jr. They were all on the same lines. One stated mildly that "the poetry was rotten;" another hinted that it was "conkey;" another mildly wished to know if the author were "nutty," and so on. So far, Riggs has received at least a score of postal-cards protesting against his poetry. In reply, he wired E. H. Lewis, of Lewis & Crane, to the effect that he (Lewis) and the whole crew could go to Seatco or some other suburban resort. But the protests are still coming in, and if you should happen to see a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, well-dressed individual flying up the Skookumchuck, you may set it down that it is Thomas Poetical Riggs, Jr., fleeing from his accustomed haunts. And in the distance, perchance, may be discovered the village postmaster hot on the trail with the evening mail. Probably Riggs' poetry will be run through the lath-mill hereafter; possibly he won't write any more verses in a hurry. We are sure we cannot hazard a guess.

The Liar from Astoria.

When the big log-raft arrived in San Francisco an Astorian was at the wharf and saw it arrive, asserts the *Astorian* of Astoria, Oregon. He says he never saw such a crowd of surprised beings as that which lined the docks. Among

them was a man from the East, who chanced to be standing beside the individual from Astoria and gave vent to his wonder at the sight of the great raft by numerous expressions which had a tendency to show that he did not know what he was talking about.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that's the greatest thing I ever saw in all my life! Why, look at that monster log! It must be a hundred feet long."

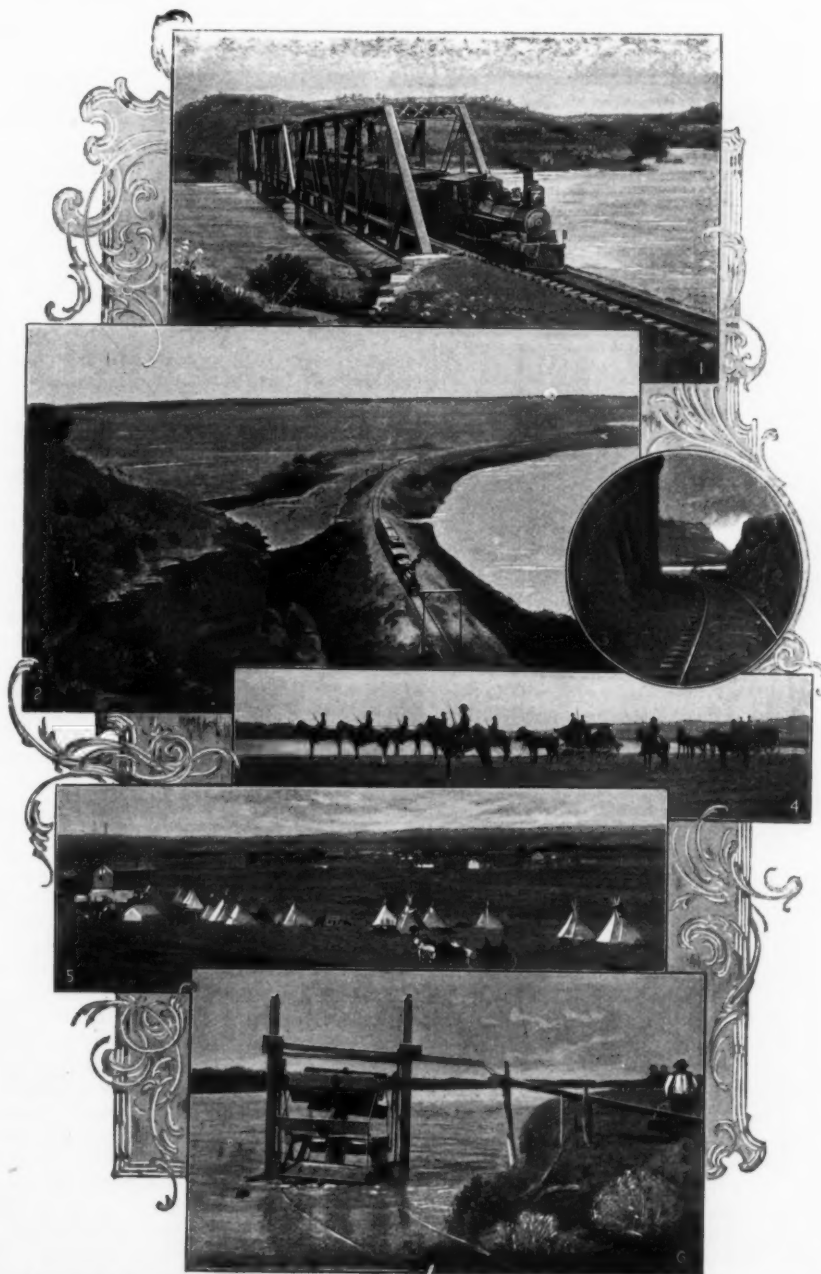
"Yes, sir," said the Astorian, "that's big timber. I come from the place where they built that raft, and, of course, it does not surprise me. Why, you ought to see some of the timber in Oregon. The trees up there are so big—well, I'm not going to tell you how big they are, because you wouldn't believe it. Don't know as I would believe it myself, though I do believe a whole lot I tell. But, just to give you an idea, I will state that they cut down one tree up there that made enough lumber, pickets and shingles to build a whole town and fence it, and they've still got logs enough left to put up a building as big as the Palace Hotel. The butt of the tree was hollow, too, for a distance

of about 250 feet, and as it fell right square across a deep gulch, they used it for a bridge. Four teams drive through it side by side. By a little hewing out, they can make a foot-path on each side of the wagon-road through it. That tree was so tall that, when they commenced cutting it up, they had to make two camps, one at each end; for it was too far for the men working at the top to walk back at night. I don't know what they would have done if several hundred feet had not been broken off at the top by the elements centuries ago.

"But that was a small tree compared with the one—"

At this juncture the Eastern man grabbed the Astorian by the lapel of his coat and said, solemnly:

"My friend, Ananias was a liar of great repute and I have always entertained a reverential admiration of his ability, but I now wish to declare, in strict confidence, that Ananias cannot hold a candlestick to you. You, sir, are the biggest damn liar I ever saw, dreamt or heard of! Good day!"



ALONG THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY IN MONTANA.

1. Crossing the Billings Bridge. 2. Terry Landing. 3. Around a Bluff. 4. The Paymaster, Fort Custer. 5. Crow Indian Mission. 6. An Irrigating Wheel.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1897.

A SCANDINAVIAN FAIR.

In a huge brown envelope comes from Stockholm the prospectus of an exhibition to be held in that city during the summer of 1897, in connection with the celebration of King Oscar's quarter-of-a-century reign. This exhibition is to be participated in by the Scandinavian countries and Russia, and the invitation includes the entire North; so we suppose that the Northern part of the American continent is also bidden to the fair. We have, in our Northwestern States, almost as many people of Scandinavian birth as the little kingdom of Denmark contains, and this event will naturally excite a good deal of interest among them.

It would be an excellent plan to make arrangements for erecting on the exhibition grounds buildings representing the home of a successful Scandinavian farmer in Minnesota, typical of the many thousands of such homes that are found in this State. The houses should be furnished from top to bottom with articles of American make, such as are commonly used by our farming population. There should be a big barn, and in the barn should be shown our best agricultural machinery—just such a self-binder, mower, plows, harrows, hay-rakes, etc., as every good farmer uses. There should be an American wagon under the shed and an American top-buggy, and in the granary should be shown the ordinary farm products of Minnesota. Such an exhibit as this would attract a great many substantial Scandinavian settlers to the unoccupied lands of our State. It would be visited and studied by thousands of practical farmers from all the Scandinavian countries and from the Grand Duchy of Finland across the Baltic Sea. We hope that our Minnesota State Immigration Bureau will take this matter up and ask the co-operation of the Legislature to carry it out. In no other way could a little money be spent more effectively

for the purpose of drawing to Minnesota an excellent class of Scandinavian settlers.

WHAT ARE NORMAL TIMES?

We hear a good deal of talk about a restoration of normal times in the West. Would it not be well to consider carefully in the light of history what normal times in the business world really are? A great many people seem to think that the period of phenomenal development and activity which we enjoyed in this region from 1878 to 1890, was one the condition of which can be restored and prolonged indefinitely, if only something or other is done with the currency or the tariff, or some other form of national legislation. This is a serious error. The great development period to which we refer was not an ordinary natural and normal condition. In fact, it was altogether abnormal. It was caused by the pouring of foreign and Eastern money into the West for the building of railroads, factories and towns, the rapid growth of cities, the opening of new mines, and the establishment of hundreds of thousands of new farm homes, based upon borrowed capital. We shall never see the like again. We have no vast region of vacant prairie-land with abundant rainfall to be occupied by future settlers. Our railway systems are already developed somewhat in advance of supporting population and business. There are some branches and extensions to these systems which will be built in the near future, but they will be comparatively unimportant. The towns and cities that were wisely located and are sustained by a growing country will increase steadily in population, but there will be nothing astonishing, in the way of rapid progress, which will afford opportunities for large speculative profits in real estate. There will be a good deal of mining development, but this will proceed on conservative business lines, and men will not make fortunes in a day by the selling of prettily printed pieces of paper, called stock certificates. There are still considerable areas of good farming land to be occupied, here and there, but there will be no great rush of settlers pouring through our railroad gateway cities and no filling up of whole counties in a week.

Let us look at this matter in the light of truth and soberness. It is folly to sit idly down to lament the past and to chase rainbows of hope that seem to lead to a restoration of the good times gone by. Times will assuredly be better than they are now, because the uncertainties concerning the currency of the people have been removed and there is a hopeful feeling which will stimulate new enterprises and increase business activities. We should bear constantly in mind, however, the fact which all history proves, that normal times are times of patient industry and slow accumulations. Speculative periods, when rapid money-making is possible to the shrewd and daring, come only at long intervals, and they are sure to leave behind many wrecks and much bitterness. We believe that we are now at the beginning of a long period of normal business activity, which will as naturally follow the years of depression we have just gone through, as the flood-tide follows the ebb. It is the part of the wise man, however, to shape his course with a view to the present worldwide conditions of keen competition in all the main lines of industry and of small profits, and to give a very earnest and intelligent supervision to his affairs to avoid waste and to insure the closest possible economies. The whole world is very close together now commercially, owing to cheap railroad transportation and low ocean steamship rates. No one country will be able, very much longer, to en-

joy a measure of prosperity greater than that of its competing civilized countries, nor will any one country be able to obtain exceptionally high rates of interest for the use of money, or to secure for its working population exceptionally high rates of wages. Here in the United States we must make the best of national resources and opportunities, and must be prepared to enter the general world-competition in the markets of the globe.

ONE WESTERN NEED.

All our readers will agree that it would be a great thing for the West if money could be obtained at lower rates of interest than now prevail in this region. We are necessarily a debtor community, for the reason that we are young and that all young communities must make use of the accumulated money of the older communities for the development of their resources. We think it not extravagant to say that the West pays about two per cent a year more for the use of money for good loans, on farms and business property and in business enterprises, than is paid by the people of the East. This was not very serious in flush and active times, but in such times as now exist it becomes a very heavy burden. Two per cent is itself almost as much interest as is yielded by Government bonds. A three-per cent Government bond now ranges considerably above par. The West pays an enormous annual tribute to the East and to the capitalists of Europe. If this could be reduced in amount by lower rates of interest, many millions of dollars would be saved to the people of this section.

How can interest rates be lowered? Certainly not by continuing the agitation of the recent campaign for a cheaper form of money with which to pay old debts. This sort of agitation has already cost us untold millions. It is of no use to keep on saying that the free coinage of silver would not produce a cheaper form of legal tender money. The loaning classes believe that it would. They showed this by the enormous majorities given for McKinley by the creditor States at the recent election. They regard loans made in States that favor a change in the present standard of value as more hazardous than loans made in States that pronounced strongly against such a change. As they have the money to lend and we want to borrow it, it is of no use for us to say that they are wrong. If they take risks, they will insist on being paid for them. If we want to persuade them to accept lower interest, we must first convince them that the security is absolutely sound.

If it were possible to stop all forms of political agitation for a currency of less value than we now have, the West could soon refund its general indebtedness at considerably lower rates of interest. There is a great deal of money in Eastern cities and towns and in European money centers that is seeking investment. We want to turn the tide in our direction. When the borrower has to hunt up the lender and convince him that he does not intend to cheat him by paying him back in a cheaper form of money than that which he borrowed, the lender has him at a disadvantage. When the lender seeks the borrower, in order to find a safe investment for his money, then the borrower is in a position to talk about terms. Sooner or later there will be a new era of settlement and industrial development here in the Northwest. The security offered for money will be good, because it will be property that is destined to increase in value. The only obstacle to our getting low rates of interest will be the Eastern belief that the West still clings to defeated heresies on the money question. What a good thing it would be if the politicians would step to the rear, for the next four years, and allow

the business sense of the people to show itself. The expression of fully nine-tenths of the business men of the Northwest would be about as follows: "We want to take up our old loans with new money borrowed at low rates of interest. We want more money, on perfectly good security, to prosecute new enterprises with and to furnish to settlers who are ready to open new farms and create new wealth. We do not propose or desire to pay back the gold-standard money we borrow with any cheaper kind of money. We agree fully with Eastern sentiment as to the main lines of national finance. We say to investors, come out to the West, look over our resources, investigate the security we have to offer, and have a talk with us. You will be convinced that we are not at all wild and woolly on the money question."

THE CHECKER-BOARD SYSTEM.

We are glad to notice in the *Winnipeg Tribune* a vigorous and intelligent attack upon the checker-board system of administering the public lands, which is pertinaciously adhered to by the Canadian Government as well as by that of the United States. This system was fairly well adapted to the settlement of public lands in prairie regions of nearly uniform fertility, but in sections broken by mountain ranges and furrowed by deep, narrow valleys where access to water-courses is the first condition of occupancy of the land, it is exceedingly defective and absurdly inadequate. It is also a bad system when applied to agricultural prairie regions covered by railroad land-grants. If we suppose the white squares on the checker-board to represent the Government land and the black squares the railroad land, each of these divisions to be a mile square in extent, we shall see how a condition of isolation exists for the settlers on the homestead lands until the railroad lands are sold and occupied. This condition adds seriously to the discomfort of life in the new country. Our Canadian friends seem to think that it is advantageous to the land-grant railroad, for the reason that, as the Government lands are occupied, additional value is given to the railroad lands.

Our American land-grant roads do not look upon the matter in this way. They are unable to dispose of their lands in large contiguous areas for colonization projects. Furthermore, the bulk of their present holdings lie west of the region of ample rainfall and in semi-arid and arid districts, where the land is chiefly valuable for pasturage, or, if it lies along the margin of streams, for irrigation enterprises. The railroad could dispose of its lands to much better advantage to cattle and sheep-men if they lay in contiguous stretches instead of alternate sections. The same thing is true regarding the valley lands, which might be irrigated. It is difficult to financier any safe irrigation scheme on the basis of only half the lands to be watered. The railroad company can put into such a project its own lands, but these include only every other square on the checker-board.

A simple Act of Congress would remedy this whole difficulty. The Commissioner of the General Land Office might be authorized to exchange with a land-grant railroad company any sections of land for other sections of equal value. This could be done under proper restriction and could be made absolutely just, so that neither party could overreach the other in the deal. The result would be, in a few years, that the grazing districts of the West would be occupied by a class of permanent settlers, owning the lands on which their herds and flocks pasture, and that the irrigable valleys would fast be brought under canals and ditches and become the homes of hundreds of thousands of prosperous small farmers. Congress always finds

time enough to talk politics and to waste the public money, but refuses or neglects to devote a little time to an intelligent consideration of the needs of the West in the way of legislation for the public domain.

LITERATURE.

As a rule, books manufactured outside of the the great publishing centers carry certain signs of inferiority of workmanship that at once indicate their origin to the experienced book-buyer. They lack certain nice touches in binding, lettering, presswork or quality of paper that only skill and long experience can give. A notable exception to this rule is a volume just issued by the Calvert Company of Seattle—a collection of Ella Higginson's short stories under the title of "The Flower that Grew in the Sand." This book bears the highest stamp of artistic and thorough workmanship, and the publishers are entitled to praise for demonstrating that books can be made on the Pacific Coast that are free from the slightest suggestion of the country job office. The paper is excellent, the type is perfect, the ink is good, the "color" and "impression" uniform and the binding thoroughly modern and tasteful. Mrs. Higginson has made so enviable a reputation during the past five years, as a writer of vigorous and original stories of Western life, by her contributions to *McClure's*, *Peterson's*, *Lippincott's*, *Short Stories*, *THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* and other periodicals, that it is hardly necessary to speak of the literary merits of this volume. Most of the stories included in this work have appeared before, but are now first gathered in book form. There is now no writer on the Pacific Coast, in the field of the novellette, that ranks higher than this lady. Her themes are taken from the life of the plain people of Oregon and Washington, among whom she has dwelt since her girlhood. Her characters are real men and women, and she handles them with sympathy and insight. (The Calvert Company, Seattle; price, \$1.25.)

"Sic Vita Est," by Sue Froman Matthews, is a semi-religious story containing life-speaking illustrations of the motives that control humanity. Three distinct types of the American girl of today are portrayed. In Marguerite Banwaton, the strength of a practical nature is vividly illustrated in the most delicate, pathetic and tragic scenes of maidenhood and married life. In Claire Ziroe, the beauty of a life of faith is demonstrated. In Lucile Romayne, the beautiful musician, there is revealed the secret of a perfectly happy life, showing how it is possible to be happy under all the changing scenes of time. In the corresponding male characters, Dr. Robert Gardelle gives us the noblest type of an American gentleman marred by the mildeewing blight of the green-eyed monster, jealousy. In Harold Banwaton we have an interesting study of psychological phenomena, that undiscovered force in man that scientists are searching to understand, that gives the unknown self power to control the body for a season. The occupants of the Manse are just what a minister's family ought to be. Among the subjects incidentally treated are those of evolution and the tariff question. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York; price, \$1.50.)

Mrs. Mary Parmele has added the United States to her "Evolution of Empire" series, which already included England, France and Germany. The purpose of these compressed digests of history is to enable young readers to grasp the main lines of events and awaken a

taste for deeper study, instead of seeking to burden the memory with a mass of facts and names. To comprehend is higher than to remember, and the author seeks to direct the maximum of mental energy to the great lines of tendency which make for righteousness, justice, and human freedom. The life of a nation is studied as a human drama. The utmost brevity is sought, in order that interest may first be awakened in the youthful mind. (William Beverley Harison, New York; price, \$1.)

SONG OF BOWANEE.

[The basis of the Thuggee Society is a religious belief—the worship of Bowanee, a gloomy divinity, who is only pleased with carnage, and detests above all things the human race. Her most agreeable sacrifices are human victims, and the more of these her disciple may have offered up in this world, the more he will be recompensed in the next by all the delights of soul and sense, by women always beautiful and joys eternally renewed. —Count Edward de Warren's "British India in 1831."]]

Of the fathomless shades of hideous night
The empire that knows my rule is formed;
And best by the intermittent light
Of the funeral pyre my heart is warmed.
In the dagger's thrust and the bowstring's twang
The strength of my purpose stands forth revealed;
Of the scorpion's tooth and the cobra's fang
Is wrought the scepter 'tis mine to wield.
For my brows have the humid boughs
Of the deadly nightshade given
A crown befitting the chosen spouse
Of him who was hurled from heaven.

To the dismal caprice of my will, my law,
Must the best and the bravest of earth defer;
I teach the assassin his knife to draw;
I mix the draught of the poisoner;
I bathe in a Ganges of human tears;
For me no music like dying groans;
In homage fall pundits and priests and seers
Before mine altar of rotting bones.
Soon or late, both the small and great,
To life's Ultima Thule hastening,
Feed the fires of my mad, consuming hate,
The lees of death's chalice tasting.

More sweet than the breath of a trampled flower
Is the incense of blood floating up to me,
When orisons rise at the midnight hour,
As my worshiping votaries bend the knee.
More sweet than the chanson from seraphs heard
Is the tremulous wail of a last despair;
And beauteous are death-wounds, redly blurred,
As the lizards that creep in my tangled hair.
Toad and snake to my breast I take,
Consoled by their cold caresses,
When the echoes' shrill torture-cries cease to wake
And a dearth of world-woe oppresses.

St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN TALMAN.

LOIS.

TO H. E. H.

Tonight? Come down town
While that babe's to home?
Well, I guess not. Nit!
Not even a little bit.
Why, boys, she'd say no,
And what she says is so.
At our house she reigns supreme—
A Turk, and more than queen.

Don't believe it? You ought to see
How she rules her ma and me,—
And her grandma,—plenty.
Not once, but twenty
Times each day she's told
"Gran'ma is ooh old?
Well, ooh is big and strong;
Baby wants nano; ooh go long."

Ought to be firm and correct her?
Well, you are an elector
And a king among kings
In this land of big things;
But you simply aren't in it
Not even for a minute.
She'd take you by the ear
And say, "See here! See here!"

Unruly, spoiled? Why, boys, you'd laugh all over,
And think yourself in clover
When she told you to roll over—
Playing drive the pigs to Dover.
Gone on her? You bet your bottom sou!
I wish you had one, too.
So long. Good-night! Be down, maybe,
But guess not. Rather stay with baby.
St. Paul, Minn.

C. B. BRUNSON.



THE present high prices for anthracite coal make the lignites of North Dakota more of a blessing to that State than ever. There is no lignite trust, and the rates for this home fuel have not advanced. So extensive and widely distributed are the lignite beds that there can never be a combination of their owners to obtain exorbitant prices.

WHATEVER the towns of North Dakota may have suffered during the recent years of business depression, there is little of their effect noticeable at the present time. The native ozone does not inspire visions of great cities in the near future, as it did a decade ago, but there is a quiet content that betokens confidence in a steady, substantial prosperity. Nobody is living beyond his means, neither is he investing his surplus cash in questionable enterprises. In short, the North Dakota man of business is rapidly approaching the enviable condition that obtains with his "Down-East" contemporary.

THERE came to this office, not long ago, a sample of large-berried white wheat labeled "raised by Peter Goblius at Port Angeles, Washington; threshed 144 bushels to the acre." To the twelve-bushel-to-the-acre wheat-farmer of Minnesota this will seem a pretty tough story, but Peter Goblius is ready to verify it by affidavit. Port Angeles lies at the foot of the Olympic Mountains, on the Strait of De Fuca. It has an annual rainfall of about fifty inches, and the warm Japan current of wind blows over it through the great funnel of the strait. The climate is peculiarly favorable to the rapid growth of vegetation, and the forests resemble tropical jungles.

A MINING boom of no small dimensions is looked for in the Trail Creek and Kootenai districts in British Columbia. The financial center of this new region is Spokane, and there is said to be hardly a man in that city who is not possessed of mining stock. So much money has already been made in a few mines that the element of speculation is growing more and more active. Thus far, all the paying mines are on the British side of the boundary, but there is no reason—either topographical or geological—for thinking that the rich veins stop at the international boundary. In fact, recent prospecting on the American side, in what was lately the Colville Indian Reservation, have discovered a number of promising leads that may develop into good properties.

I MET a Louisville man lately, J. C. Eisenman, who has put \$200,000 into the development of a Galena silver mine on Vermillion Creek, in the extreme western end of Montana, twelve miles from the Northern Pacific main line. He has opened up a big vein of ore running from \$30 to \$60 a ton in silver, and he believes that this will prove to be the pioneer mine of an important new district. The formation and character of ore are identical with those of the Coeur d'Alene mines which lie about thirty miles distant on the other side of a mountain range. The country is covered

with a dense forest growth, which makes prospecting difficult. Mr. Eisenman's company will begin shipping ore next spring to the Denver smelters.

WHAT about the price of wheat? It is now twenty cents higher than it was a year ago. Will the high price continue? Is it a permanent or a temporary condition? The best judges of the wheat market say that there will be no important fall until it can be known with tolerable certainty what the next harvest is going to be. If all signs should point to a big yield next year, we may expect a considerable decline, but not to the point from which wheat started to climb last fall. It will take at least two good crops to bring about the old condition of low prices. Farmers who put in a large acreage of spring-wheat next season will act wisely. They will probably not get the present high price, but they will be able to sell at a great deal better figure than ruled a year ago.

AN associated press dispatch from Cleveland says that the vessels now in commission on the Great Lakes are fast outnumbering the American craft engaged in the foreign trade. This is proven by statistics compiled by the *Marine Review*. The vessels on the lakes are shown to number 383, as against 257 on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and forty-five on the Pacific Coast. The tonnage of the lake vessels is also almost 200,000 in excess of that of the salt-water boats. How much longer will this vast merchant marine be cooped up in the Great Lakes and shut off from access to the ocean by natural obstacles which can easily be overcome by modern engineering skill and a moderate expenditure of money? The deep-waterways movement ought to be constantly agitated until Congress is persuaded to act. We want, first, a deep canal between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and then an outlet from Lake Ontario to tide-water.

TREASURY statistics show that Tacoma now ranks next after New York as a port of entry for goods for immediate transportation. This reminds me that when I first saw the place in 1882, it was a forlorn little village where the stumps still stood in most of the streets and a few hundred people lived mostly on hope and clams. A ship was loading lumber at a sawmill and a little steamboat came once a day to a lonesome wharf from Seattle. A few Indians were fishing on the bay. A vehicle traversing Pacific Avenue was a rare and interesting spectacle. There was a shanty hotel—from which the traveler was glad to escape after a night of discomfort. Yet there were wide-awake people in Tacoma then, who foresaw the future of the town and who have since reaped a handsome reward for their patience and prophetic gift. Tacoma has now a solid basis of ocean commerce and interior trade that make it one of the most substantial cities of the Pacific Coast. It exports wheat to Europe and lumber to South America and Africa, and it imports heavily of the teas and silks of Japan and China. A steamship line to Australia by way of Honolulu is one of the new enterprises in prospect.

THERE is a good deal of discussion in the Canadian papers of the importance of doing something to prevent the growing trade of the new mining regions of the Kootenai and the Upper Columbia from going to Spokane. A scheme is being agitated for a railroad from Lethbridge, Alberta, westward over the Crow's Nest Pass and on through the mining districts. It appears that the Canadian Pacific is willing to build this road if it can get the necessary

Governmental sanction, but the people of the regions interested prefer an independent line and are clamoring for the Dominion Government itself to undertake the work of construction. With the enormous burden of debt already carried by the people of the Dominion, most of which was contracted for railways and canals, it is not at all likely that the new Liberal ministry will endorse this proposition. The road will be built by the C. P. R. or not at all. In the meantime the new mining districts are not suffering for want of transportation facilities. They can be easily reached by way of the Spokane Northern railroad, and their ores go to the Tacoma smelter.

A YEAR ago there were about 500 people at Rossland, the new mining-camp in British Columbia; now there are at least 7,000. And new people are coming in every day. Lots that were bought for \$500 a year ago, now sell for \$5,000. The railroad from Spokane now runs into Rossland, the passenger and freight cars being ferried across the Columbia from Northport. Another railroad runs from Rossland to Trail, on the river, where it connects with steamboats for the Canadian Pacific. Red Mountain, which overlooks the town of Rossland, is believed to be a mass of ore and there is talk of a company to run a tunnel through it from side to side. It is said that no shaft has been sunk three or four hundred feet on this mountain that has not struck pay ore. The mining district is divided into the North Belt and the South Belt. In the former, gold predominates in the ores, with some copper, and in the latter silver is the chief metal. There are perhaps a score of men in Rossland who were worth nothing two years ago, but whose wealth is now counted by the hundreds of thousands. Most of the successful miners are from Montana, Idaho and Washington, but the Canadians are beginning to wake up to the chances of making money in British Columbia and a good deal of money from Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton is now going into the development of new mines.

ONE Sunday last month I was compelled to pass the evening and the night in Fort Wayne, Indiana, by failing to get a connecting train to Indianapolis. In the office of the hotel hung a large handbill setting forth the attractions of the evening service at Westminster Church. The clerk of the hotel offered to pilot me to the church, and assured me that I would be well entertained. It was a large and handsome brown-stone structure and was crowded by an intelligent, well-dressed audience. A little four-page programme was distributed in the pews, similar to the programmes of theaters. The last page was filled with advertisements of merchants, hotels and other concerns, and among these ads was one which was somewhat novel. It read as follows:

WESTMINSTER CHURCH.
W. BERRY STREET.
Business is transacted here for eternity.

What were the services? Well, they consisted mostly of violin playing, organ playing, piccolo solos and high-class vocalism. There was a bit of a sermon, but it was only fifteen minutes long and did not much mar the entertainment with reflections on the serious side of life.

THE adoption of flower emblems by a number of States has led to a movement for the selection of some flower as the national emblem, and a Columbine Association has been formed in Boston which issues a leaflet in behalf of

that peculiar blossom. In this leaflet we read that the columbine's very name suggests our beloved Columbia. Nor have we here any trivial play upon words, but, on the contrary, a similarity of remarkable significance. It is well known that the name Columbus in his native language means *dove*—a circumstance seen to be full of poetic suggestiveness when we recall how he, like Noah's messenger of old, brought back the tidings of a new-found world. It is, moreover, a familiar fact that the columbine received its name on account of the resemblance which one form of the flower bears to a group of doves. This form grows wild in the region where Columbus was born, and also in our Rocky Mountain States. Equally fortunate and remarkable, the leaflet goes on to say, are the associations which cluster about the flower's other name, *Aquilegia*, by which it is known to botanists. This is generally understood to be connected with the Latin *aquila*, an eagle, because they saw in the flower, when reversed, what looked like an eagle's talons, where others found a resemblance to the graceful necks of doves. Thus associated with the type of inoffensiveness—the harmless dove—we have the thought of our American eagle, emblematic of fearless power. How fittingly symbolical is this of Columbia's attitude toward other nations! The secretary of the Columbine Association is J. S. Pray, and his address is Box 2774, Boston, Mass.

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A CORRESPONDENT in North Dakota writes forcibly concerning the burden of many churches in young and struggling communities in the West. A new town will get along for a time without any church building, using a store-room or a schoolhouse for religious services. After a while the most numerous and active of the denominations represented in the place thinks itself strong enough to put up an edifice, and the women get out with a subscription paper and hold fairs and festivals to raise the needed money. Everybody helps a little, no matter what sect he may prefer. The building goes up, as the result of the united efforts of the little community. Usually it is the Methodists that lead off. They are, as a rule, the most enterprising and aggressive sect in the new West. But scarcely is the roof on the new church before the Baptists begin to drum the town for money for a building, and the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and perhaps the Catholics, soon follow. It turns out that in two or three years the village will have three or four church edifices, all in debt and each supported by a small and struggling congregation. The burden becomes a heavy one, for a church means a pastor and his family to be maintained and numerous incidental expenses. One church edifice of fair size would hold all the church-going people in the place, and one preacher could talk to them all—if only all could agree to lay aside for a time the sectarian features of their beliefs and be content with the main lines of Christian faith and practice. There ought to be a church union formed in every new community to erect one edifice, organize a people's Christian association and engage a broad-minded pastor to preach the gospel without any denominational frills. The multiplication of churches grows largely out of the ambition of the different sects to make as good an annual record as possible of new buildings erected, and also out of the natural desire of graduates from the theological seminaries to find congregations that will pay them for preaching. The preacher's calling is a poor one so far as salaries and emoluments are concerned, but it is a dignified and influential one, and it attracts a multitude of young men who do not feel themselves fitted to enter the strug-

gle of business life and who are contented with an assured living, however modest.

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EDWARD D. ADAMS, chairman of the Northern Pacific Board of Directors, who visited St. Paul last month, is now a conspicuous figure among the successful men of Wall Street. Acting as the agent of the German bondholders and in accord with J. Pierpont Morgan, he did most of the difficult work of reorganizing the Northern Pacific Company and putting it in the hands of the new and strong organization which purchased its properties and effected a scaling down of its heavy debt with the consent of the bondholders. The history of Wall Street does not show a cleaner or more equitable reorganization of a great railroad than this. Mr. Adams is a man of about forty-five years of age, of slight build, dark complexion, very black eyes, and nervous temperament. In business matters he is remarkably sagacious and energetic, and one element of his strength is said to be that he acts with-

The bank is itself a very large holder of Northern Pacific securities, and it also looks after the interests of a multitude of individual holders throughout Germany. Mr. Adams also represented the bank in the negotiations for the consolidation of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern interests, which took place in the spring of 1895. This plan was at first favored by the bank, but was subsequently abandoned. In all matters concerning the recent reorganization of the Northern Pacific, Mr. Adams was a strong and original influence, and the equitable and conservative character of the plan adopted and its successful execution must be credited largely to his clear head and remarkable executive ability.

MIGHTY MOUNT TACOMA.—Geo. E. Hyde, who was in charge of the U. S. Geological Survey in Washington last spring, says that the correct altitude of Mount Tacoma is 14,519 feet instead of 14,444 feet, as all along supposed. He declares that those figures are absolutely cor-



EDWARD D. ADAMS, CHAIRMAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

out fear or favor, prejudice or preference, on cold and exact business principles. Mr. Adams began his business career as a young clerk in the bank of Winslow, Lanier & Co., New York, and worked his way up to a leading position in the bank, so that he became practically its manager. This firm was one of the three banking houses which handled the new bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company during the Villard management, when construction was pushed rapidly from both ends of the line and vast sums of money were required. In all the conferences and efforts for placing the bonds, Mr. Adams represented his house with great sagacity and energy, so that in the early eighties he was already a prominent figure in Wall Street. His connection with Winslow, Lanier & Co. ceased a few years ago, and when the Northern Pacific went into bankruptcy he was selected by the Deutsche Bank of Berlin to represent the heavy German holdings in the bonds and stock of the road.

rect and that they will be so adopted and recorded by the Government. This computation makes Tacoma the highest mountain in the United States. While Mount Shasta is nearly as high, its base is 5,000 feet above sea-level, but Tacoma's foot is planted at tide-water, and his giant form rises to that tremendous height at one sweep.

AN OLD BIBLE.—J. H. Albert, of Salem, Ore., has a Bible 250 years old that has been in the Albert family 175 years. It is bound in full calf, with stout wooden covers and back, and is fifteen and one-half inches long, ten inches in width, six inches in thickness, has a weight of twelve pounds, and was formerly clasped with iron. The Old and New Testaments take 1,180 pages of the volume, the remainder being devoted to the publisher's preface, glossary, indexes, the Augsburg Confession, and to numerous biographies of the Saxon princes, under whose patronage the work was done.



Mining in the Northwest.

When one contemplates for a moment the vast mining resources of this Northwest country, together with British Columbia, it becomes a matter of little surprise that so many are every day investing all their available capital in digging out the hidden treasures which abound in our grand and lofty mountains and are embedded in the channels of almost every stream.

When we further consider that for the past two years gold has been the chief object of the prospector's search, and that the success following his persevering efforts has far surpassed his most sanguine expectations, it is not to be wondered at that so many who scarcely had the wherewithal to clothe themselves are now counting their riches by the thousands. It must be remembered, though, that this mining industry is only in its infancy, and that, to still further develop this country, outside capital is required. With the above facts staring one in the face, surely no better channel for investment could be recommended than this favored region.

Of late years, mining has received so much attention that it almost forms a branch of one's education, and the many improvements that have yearly been added to machinery and other methods of obtaining and treating the precious metals, have not only enabled them to be more easily mined, but also at a much lower cost and with less manual labor.

Capital, therefore, when invested in legitimate mining business that is conducted on a practical basis, cannot fail to return to the investor greater profits than ordinary enterprises in proportion to the same amount of capital invested; and, with proper co-operation, even small sums can be made to yield proportionately satisfactory returns.

There are many mining districts and camps in this Northwest country which supply various kinds of mineral, and, to give a person an idea of the magnitude of this mining region, we mention the areas of the following States and countries which comprise this section:

Washington contains 65,000 square miles, Idaho 84,290, Oregon 94,560, Montana 120,000, and British Columbia 383,000, a grand total of 746,850 square miles.

One of the principal districts in Washington is the Okanogan, the main camps being Conconully, Ruby, and Loomiston. Gold, silver, copper and lead are found in this section, with many other minerals of almost equal importance. The Colville District contains copper and galena ores; the Chewelah camp has copper, gold and silver; the Huckleberry camp has some fine galena leads, and the Methow region shows remarkable free-milling gold properties. The Colville Indian Reservation, just thrown open to mineral location, has magnificent showings. Some 300 assays have been made by Spokane assayers since its opening. The ores have

proved to be of the same character as those found in the famous Trail Creek District, British Columbia, which is just across the international boundary line from the Reservation. They are for the most part copper and pyritic, containing gold; and some samples of free-milling rock have been obtained. A great deal of placer has been located on the Kettle River, the San Poil Creek, the Fourth of July Creek, and Meyers Creek; in fact, a valuable addition to the mineral fields of Washington has been effected by throwing open the Colville Indian Reservation to the prospector and miner. This Reservation comprises an area of 5,000 square miles. Many small camps exist in the Cascades and elsewhere in the State, but to mention every camp and prospect would take up more space than can be spared for this article.

In the State of Idaho the Panhandle has several well-known mining regions, notably the Cœur d'Alenes with the camps of Wardner, Wallace, Murray, Burke, Gem, and other smaller camps. Here are immense deposits of silver-lead ore, and some of the largest concentrating plants in the world. The Pend d'Oreille District is mostly silver, with some copper ores. The camps and districts of Pierce, Elk City and Oro Fino have produced millions of placer gold, and now the quartz ledges are being located from which this originally came. The Hoodoo District contains many gold properties. The Blackfoot District is comparatively a brand-new camp with some sixty locations, all being free-milling gold properties. Some of these are being opened up, and mills are in course of construction. The Boise Basin is renowned of old for producing quantities of placer gold in the 60's.

In Oregon are many good gold properties, notably in the vicinity of Baker City, which have yielded, and are still producing, a daily supply of the yellow metal.

In the State of Montana are the great mines of Butte City, the world famous Anaconda mines of copper, and many camps too numerous to mention, not forgetting the Yahk District in the northwest corner of the State, which has several good gold properties, and also Libby Creek and Grouse Mountain, which contain some valuable galena mines.

British Columbia is so important and so vast in area that we deem it advisable to devote a separate article to the phenomenal growth of its mining districts. Alaska also deserves individual mention.

It is our intention to take each district by itself and go into details thereon, giving interesting data regarding each camp. It can readily be seen that so vast a territory as the great Northwest cannot be dealt with in a general way. When they come to study the vast resources at their command, the people of the United States will, we think, be astonished at the richness and variety of the minerals.

REGINALD F. MEAD.

Along the Trail of the Saint Paul & Duluth Railway.

The iron trail that runs by meadows
Fair and woodland shade; by busy towns
And lovely lakes and streams; by many
A camp and glowing forest scene—still
Stretching towards its goal.

There is an old saying to the effect that in time of peace it is the part of wisdom to prepare for war. It is a saying which applies to other worldly matters as well, most notably, perchance, to one's plans for a summer or a winter campaign against time, worry, and corroding care. Where we shall go next winter, or whither our footsteps shall tend next summer, are queries which perplex numerous minds. Most of us grow a bit wild at such times. We can see a score of objective points which may lie clear across the continent, but those that lie just beyond the garden wall, so to speak, are too near to be visible, or so easily accessible that we have remained in utter ignorance of them. This was illustrated very nicely last season. A man of prominence was visiting the writer from Newark, N. J. From St. Paul he went, via the Saint Paul & Duluth Railway, to the cities at the head of Lake Superior, stopping by the way to try his rod and to harden his muscles by a week or two of camp-life.

"Why you folks should go East or in any other direction for your summer vacations is beyond my understanding," he said afterwards. "There are no lovelier resorts anywhere than those which nestle like jewels between your city limits and Duluth."

He stated the truth—a truth which each should ascertain for himself. The "Duluth Short Line," as the Saint Paul & Duluth is popularly called, traverses a country that possesses almost unrivaled scenic and pleasure features. We are willing to grant that the road's generous policy and magnificent equipment go a long way toward soothing its multitude of patrons while en route, but the country itself will forever constitute the great soul attraction. One breaks away from Minneapolis and St. Paul only to glide past green fields and forests until White Bear Lake spreads into view—twenty minutes from the Sainly City. There is but one White Bear Lake. It is a majestic sheet of water, and on its wooded shores are fine hotels, handsome pavilions, cozy club-rooms and lovely villas. In the summer months the lake is dotted with yachts and steam craft; while in winter one will see its frozen surface skimmed by ice-boats and rosy-cheeked skaters.

Pretty lakes are strung like mirrors along this line of railway. Just beyond White Bear is Bald Eagle station, the lake of the same name being fully three miles long by one in width and possessing charming shore-lines. Then comes Forest Lake, seven miles from Bald Eagle. It is considerably larger than the latter, and it is visited annually by hosts of pleasure-seekers who appreciate good hotels and boarding-houses, at low rates, and the best of fishing among schools of bass, pike, pickerel and smaller fry. The outlet of this lake is Sunrise River, a tributary of the St. Croix and the home of the frisky trout. Rice Lake and Clear Lake are in this vicinity also, as if to insure one against monotony. The ordinary fisherman's yarn does not compare with the pickerel which plow these waters, nor with the robust bass that fight for life and tingle the blood in one's veins. At Wyoming, where the road branches off to Taylor's Falls and what are known as the Chisago Lakes, the searcher for sport or recreation approaches a section of country that is peculiarly inviting. The Chisago chain comprises five of the finest lakes in Minnesota. They are individualized under the names of Green Lake, Chisago Lake, Big Lake, Lindstrom Lake and



Private Office of Vice-President and General Manager A. B. Plough.



Private Office of the Assistant General Manager and Chief Engineer L. S. Müller.



Private Office of General Freight Agent W. W. Broughton.



Private Office of General Passenger Agent W. A. Russell.



Private Office of Auditor D. A. McKinlay.



Private Office of Land Commissioner Hopewell Clarke.

VIEWS IN THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Sunrise Lake, but they constitute a chain known more generally as the Chisago Lakes, and that is what they ought to be called. The railway stations on these lakes are Chisago City, Lindstrom, and Centre City, and all these lakes and towns of which we are speaking are on the Saint Paul & Duluth route. The Chisago Lakes are noted for many things. There is no better fishing anywhere, the lay of the lakes and contiguous country is full of great beauty and picturesqueness, the hotels and private houses are famed for their good cheer and modest fees, and at any time one is within two hours' ride of the populous cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and so near Duluth that the brief journey becomes a restful pleasure.

In Taylor's Falls one reaches one of the most romantic localities in Minnesota. Here are the Dalles of the St. Croix—cliffs of volcanic origin that border the waters of the St. Croix River as they flow on to join the current of the Mississippi. There is weird beauty everywhere. If his satanic majesty happen to be absent you can sit in the Devil's Chair for a moment—because other equally interesting objects of natural interest will distract your attention instantly. It is a charming place for tourists. There are innumerable camp-grounds, and the whole vicinity is rich in fish and game, good guides and proper supplies. It is at the Dalles of the St. Croix that Minnesota and Wisconsin have located what is called the Interstate Park—which, with the right sort of development work, is destined to become a resort of great prominence.

From the Falls it is just as well to go back to the main line at Wyoming and go northward a short distance to the lakes near Rush City. Rush Lake is four miles in length by two in width. Its shore-lines extend over forty miles and amid never-wearying environments. There are three lakes near this station, all well stocked with fish and waterfowl. A run to Pine City, sixty-two miles from St. Paul, takes you into the big pine forests among healing perfumes and piscatorial grounds galore. These are quiet, pine-bound lakes whose finny inhabitants, perhaps, are so ignorant of anglers' ways that they do not know a fish-hook from a long-tailed spindle-bug. But they will soon learn; for all this section of country along the Saint Paul & Duluth is growing immensely popular with recreation-seekers and sportsmen, hordes of whom will probably seek these scenes during the season of '97. The plain tourist will find delights here, also. Near Pine City is Pokegama Lake. The Snake River flows broad and strong to the lake's mouth, the voyage thither being past islands of unusual loveliness. The lake has a length of six miles. On one of its indentations is the old Mission Farm, where the Indians of the Northwest received their earliest lessons in Christianity. Historic memories cluster around the spot, some of which are so incarnadined that they will never "rub out." The student, the minister, the story-seeker and all gleaners of fact and romance will here find a very paradise for idle days.

There are too many lakes along this line of railway for us to enumerate, however. Sturgeon Lake and Moose Lake, both reached by this road, are visited by many a rod and gun, and there are scores of others that are well worth exploring or cruising for. Whoever reads this article needs to remember the important fact that every lake and section referred to is within stone's throw, so to speak, of all the busy hums of industry. This is a first consideration with those who do not care to consume half their vacation period in mere travel. Once on the train, and a few hours bring you to the desired camping-ground, where pleasure may

begin at once. And these camp-grounds are sought in winter as well as in the summer months; for the woods are full of wild game,—from waterfowl in the spring and fall to deer, wolves, foxes and many other animals which are hunted during the colder season. Many of the towns at these resorts are pretty enough to tempt one to remain in them for months, and in all of them may be found good and ample accommodations for man and beast. Boats, including yachts, ordinary sailboats, and not infrequently a little steamer, are provided in great numbers, and every kind of supplies for hunter or fisherman are carried in stock by the enterprising merchants, who cater especially to such needs. The railway company itself stands ready to render all possible assistance to those who wish either to visit the resorts along the Saint Paul & Duluth or to know more about them. A letter addressed to General Passenger Agent W. A. Russell, at St. Paul, will receive prompt attention and be answered in a way that will leave nothing wanting to complete one's knowledge—except the practical and delightful outing itself.

Leaving the smaller lake resorts, the tourist, sportsman or traveler soon approaches the more rugged country which characterizes the vicinity of Duluth and Superior, those gem cities at the head of the Great Inland Sea. No one should visit the Twin Cities without also taking a run over the Saint Paul & Duluth to the busy ports on Lake Superior. Either for business or for pleasure, they are good points to touch at. Fine steamers and well-equipped trains will convey hunters and fishermen to almost virgin haunts, and so grand and diversified are the scenic attractions that sight-seers never weary of describing them. There can be a no more entrancing voyage than that along the north shore of old Lake Superior, and a man can go ashore when and where he pleases. The voyage may be continued to Isle Royal, the Nipigon River—a great trout stream, Port Arthur, or to any one of a score of places about which cluster historic memories and a natural beauty scarcely surpassed in North America. The Saint Paul & Duluth is likewise the nearest route to the new gold-fields in the Rainy Lake District of Minnesota and British Columbia. With its connections at Duluth, passengers may have access to many other lakes, rivers and hunting-grounds, to describe which would require a book. A few dollars, and all the time that one can command, will enable the laziest and most lonesome mortal to visit these near-by resorts along the Saint Paul & Duluth and revel in health and pleasure to his heart's content.

There are several interesting statements that can be made respecting this Saint Paul & Duluth Short Line. It was the pioneer road to reach the head of Lake Superior, and in points of construction, equipment and operation ranks among the best in the country. It is this road that made it possible for the millers of Minneapolis and Minnesota wheat-growers and shippers to use the great water route from the head of the lakes to the seaboard—only 150 miles lying between the Flour City and the Duluth and Superior ports. Coal and other freight stuffs were also obtained by this shorter and cheaper route. For years the road did not earn operating expenses, but it paved the way to a profitable future. It was the entering wedge that made possible the present immense traffic over the lake route to the seaboard. It enables lumbermen to invade the pine forests along the line and to transport the manufactured lumber to ready markets. It helped to settle these cleared lands with enterprising agriculturists. During 1896 a part of these lands produced 2,500,000 bushels of potatoes,

worth \$400,000. It is good soil for nearly all crops grown in Minnesota, and a million acres or so are still for sale by the road on easy time-payment terms. Along this line of railway are thirty-seven lumber-mills from which was shipped, last year, nearly 400,000,000 feet of lumber. The 1896 business was gratifying. It is a short line and now has three strong competitors, but included in its traffic was over 1,000,000 barrels of flour and 28,000 tons of mill-stuff, besides large quantities of other merchandise, from Minneapolis alone. It claims to have delivered to the Twin Cities more than a third of the coal received there, and, of course, its shipments of lumber and other articles to these large cities were of vast volume. It is an independent line, has no perplexing alliances, and it is officered and operated by men of broad railway experience who are deeply interested in developing their own immediate territory. Three passenger trains run daily to and from the Twin Cities and the lake ports. Here is the road's mileage:

St. Paul to Duluth, 155 miles; Thompson to West Superior, 17.75; Carlton to Cloquet, 6.50; Rush City to Grantsburg, 17; Miller to Sandstone Quarry, 5; Wyoming to Taylor's Falls, 20.50; White Bear to Stillwater, 12.50; White Bear to Minneapolis, 13.50; total, 247.75 miles.

The rolling-stock comprises sixty-two locomotives and 2,376 cars of all kinds—among which are 1,894 box-cars and 334 flat cars.

Names of the principal officers and heads of department are given as follows:

President, R. S. Hayes, New York City; Vice-President and General Manager, A. B. Plough, General Solicitors, Hadley & Armstrong, Assistant General Manager and Chief Engineer, L. S. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer, A. V. Williams, all of St. Paul; Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Pierre Jay, New York; Land Commissioner, Hopewell Clarke, Superintendent, E. L. Brown, General Freight Agent, W. W. Broughton, General Passenger Agent, W. A. Russell, Auditor, D. A. McKinlay, Purchasing Agent, W. N. Schoff, Master Mechanic, George D. Brooke, Car Accountant, G. H. Staehle, Paymaster, T. L. McClung, all of St. Paul. The general offices are in the Globe Building in this city.

A Wisconsin Health Resort.

A winter and summer health home that seems to be in very general favor throughout the Northwest is The Sanatorium at Hudson, Wis., a lovely place nineteen miles east of St. Paul and on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway. A fifteen-acre park, on a bluff ninety feet above Willow River Lake, affords a grand view of the beautiful country surrounding and a site that is free from malaria and all unhealthful conditions. The building, constructed for its special work, has large, well-lighted rooms that are all comfortably, and some of them elegantly, furnished. It is heated by both hot water and steam, lighted by electricity, has a passenger elevator, electric bells, fire alarms, pure artesian well water, a well-equipped gymnasium and all modern health-resort conveniences. There is an able corps of physicians in attendance, trained nurses, expensive and elaborate electrical apparatus for the treatment of diseases, all kinds of baths, from Turkish to the Swedish movement and all others, and a first-class culinary department. Wide verandas, glass-enclosed in winter seasons, with a fine solarium, offer inviting opportunities for sun-baths and promenades. Dr. S. C. Johnson, ex-Surgeon General of Wisconsin and a former president of the State Board of Health, is the manager, and Dr. S. B. Buckmaster, a distinguished physician, is the superintendent and resident doctor.



VIEW IN THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. W. N. Schuff, Purchasing Agent. 2. Hopewell Clarke, Land Commissioner—main office. 3. A. B. Plough, Vice-President and General Manager—main office. 4. G. H. Staehle, Car Accountant. 5. Vice-President and General Manager—reception room. 6. J. D. Armstrong, Legal Department. 7. W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent—main office. 8. W. W. Broughton, General Freight Agent—claim department. 9. D. A. McKinlay, Auditor—main office. 10. E. D. Macdonald, Fuel and Claim Agent—main office. 11. L. S. Müller, Assistant General Manager and Chief Engineer—main office. 12. W. W. Broughton, General Freight Agent—main office. 13. Emerson Hadley, Legal Department. 14. E. D. Macdonald, Fuel and Claim Agent—private office. 15. L. S. Müller, Assistant General Manager and Chief Engineer—engineer's office.

A Notable St. Paul Office Building.

Every large city has one or more business blocks before which the local citizen stops and to which he points with pride. Visit Minneapolis and the native Minneapolitan will proudly exclaim, as his index finger guides your vision toward the desired object, "That tall building yonder is the 'Guaranty Loan Building.'" In the other Twin—the good old city of St. Paul, the stranger guest will have his attention directed to that lofty monument known all through the Northwest as the "Globe Building," one of the most imposing and best equipped office structures in the West. The tower surmounts ten lofty stories. Located at the corner of Fourth and Cedar streets and directly opposite the court-house and city hall, near the post-office and convenient to every business district in the city, it is one of the most desirable office blocks in St. Paul. It is well constructed, well lighted and ventilated, finished in costly style and equipped with elevators and all modern structural improvements.

Under the new management the building has taken a wonderful stride in popular estimation. Within the last few months its rentals have increased by nearly \$7,000. The rooms are rented singly or en suite, and everything reasonable is done to please the occupants. Many of the largest and most prominent firms and corporations in the city now make their home in the Globe Building, and others, it is understood, will follow soon. As times improve

and the warm blood of enterprise again courses through the arteries of trade and commerce, the rooms in this great block will fill and keep filling until the tenants thereof shall be as a city unto themselves.

In the Investment World.

Prominent among St. Paul's business and financial institutions is the National Investment Company. In its spacious offices in the Globe Building is transacted a large amount of business which brings the company into close contact with the general public. Organized in 1887 with a capital stock of \$100,000, all paid in, the corporation has since conducted a general mortgage and loan business, its loans having been placed chiefly in St. Paul and Minneapolis. For the past two years one of its chief employments has been the sale of tax certificate bonds—bonds which bear six per cent interest and are secured by pledges of tax certificates with the St. Paul Trust Company. Within the period mentioned the company has placed about \$175,000 worth of these bonds, which have proved to be a very satisfactory form of investment. The National Investment Company also has the management of a number of the largest building properties in St. Paul. Among these are the Albion and the Buckingham apartment houses, the Globe Building, and nearly 200 other blocks, houses, etc., which the company manage and care for in the interest of outside owners. Presented herewith are portraits of the two leading executive officers of the company—Robert L. Ware, president and general manager, and William G. White, the efficient secretary and attorney. They are both men of

recognized enterprise and ability, to whom the future of the company may be safely entrusted.

Artistic Printing and Designing.

William L. Abbott, proprietor of the Abbott Printing Company in rooms 50-51 of the Globe Building, has the reputation of being one of the most skillful printers in St. Paul. He is also an accomplished writer and designer of advertising matter, having had large experience in this line of work. Modern type and printing facilities, aided by all those novel accessories which only tasteful, expert and enterprising printers know how to use and to command, enable him to do any description of high-class work that may be desired. Half-tone and colored work, supreme court briefs and all such business are made specialties—a line which Mr. Abbott's long experience especially qualifies him for. Of course, all kinds of work is done, from cheap dodgers to the most exquisite ball programme—and prices are always moderate; but the great aim is to turn out fine work, whether it be office stationery, elegant catalogues, or cleanly executed legal work. An inspection of the samples which may be seen at the office of the Abbott Printing Company, will convince the most critical that the proprietor is skilled in all the departments of his trade and that he is a good man to leave orders with.



THE GLOBE BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN.,
One of the handsomest and most centrally located office buildings in the city.



ROBERT L. WARE, PRESIDENT.



WM. G. WHITE, SECRETARY.

Two well-known officials of the National Investment Co., of St. Paul, Minn.



WM. L. ABBOTT, PROPRIETOR OF THE ABBOTT
PRINTING CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

From the Pacific to the Orient.

St. Paul's mid-continental position has made it headquarters for many large business enterprises which are almost national in scope and which sometimes include dealings with other countries as well. No one can approach the Globe Building at the corner of Fourth and Cedar streets without seeing the attractive signs of the Pacific and Oriental Investment Company. The offices occupied are the best and most prominent in that huge building, being on the first or ground floor and having their entrance directly on the corner. While the central office of this company is in St. Paul, a Pacific Coast office is maintained at Port Angeles, Wash., and an oriental or foreign office at Kobe, Japan. There are also company correspondents in London, Glasgow, New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Montreal and Toronto; in Yokohama, Tokio, Hakodate, Otaru, Osaka, Nagasaki and Kobe, Japan; in Canton, Shanghai, Amoy, Chefoo, Foochow and Tientsin, China; in Fusan and Gensan, Corea; in Adelaide, Melbourne and Townsville, Australia; in Batavia, Samarang and Sourabaya, Java; in Bombay and Tuticorin, India; in Honolulu, Hawaii; in Manilla, Philippine Islands; in Port Said, Egypt, and in Marseilles, France.

The main object of the company is the fostering of Oriental trade with the United States. It will ship lumber and other products of the Pacific Coast to the Orient, and bring back

Celestial wares for sale and use in this country. Through its various offices and by means of its numerous correspondents it ought to be able to secure valuable investments and to handle a large volume of trade and commerce. Cargoes will be shipped from Port Angeles, the first harbor on the Strait of Fuca and immediately opposite Victoria, B. C. Port Angeles, by the way, is said to enjoy the distinction of having the only town site in this country—except Washington, D. C.—that was laid out by the U. S. Government. It was selected by President Lincoln in 1862 on account of its beautiful harbor, which is pronounced one of the finest in the world. Owing to the death of the President, it was locked up and held as a Government town site until 1894. The port is not infrequently referred to as the future "New York of the Pacific." Residents of the port now entertain the hope that it will one day be the terminus of four transcontinental railways, a result which, with other advantages, would soon make it one of the busiest and most opulent ports in the Union. The Pacific and Oriental Investment Company has now in hand the construction of the Port Angeles and Pacific Railway, which will connect with the Great Northern at a point sixty-three miles east of Port Angeles, and it is confidently claimed by the company that the completion of this road will put Port Angeles in a position to control the shipping trade of the Pacific Coast.

The company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington, and it has a capital of \$1,250,000. It deals in investment securities, stocks and bonds, mines and mining stock, timber-lands, farm and fruit-lands, and Oriental goods. All the timber-lands, fruit-lands, etc., are located on the Pacific Coast. Only first-class properties and securities will be handled and the company will, in all instances, seek to guard the interests of its patrons. James S. Coolican, the president, is one of the best-known men in the Coast district. He is president of the Port Angeles Board of Trade and of the Clallam County Washington State Immigration Association, and he is also well-known in Eastern business circles, where he has many friends. The secretary of the company, John Cain, is a prominent mining engineer and mine expert. Chas. E. Hamilton, the vice-president and general counsel, was formerly attorney-general of Manitoba and late mayor of the city of Winnipeg, Canada. Oriental interests are looked after by Antoine Jose de Silva e-Souza from the office at Kobe, Japan. He is one of the most prominent financiers in that country, and has been connected with many large enterprises.

Those who may be interested in learning more of the details of the Pacific and Oriental Investment Company's operations should address their correspondence to the central office at St. Paul.

*Reception Room.**President's Office.**Counting Room and Secretary's Office.**Entrance.*

CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE PACIFIC & ORIENTAL INVESTMENT CO., GLOBE BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN.

How Colonies Are Formed.

Ever since the spring of 1889 the name of Theo. F. Koch has been very prominent among the settlers and intending settlers in Minnesota. He has been in the land business since 1884, when he started in Chicago, but he came to St. Paul in 1889. There are no busier offices in town than those of Mr. Koch's at 176 East Third Street. He owns, handles and manages an immense amount of land, and his operations keep a large force of men hard at work all the time.

Among Mr. Koch's enterprises are colonies of Germans, Hollanders, Bohemians and Norwegians along the Hastings & Dakota and the Great Northern railways in Minnesota, mainly in the counties of Renville, Kandiyohi, Chipewewa, Swift and Big Stone, Kittson County also sharing in this good work. He has made large purchases of lands in Morrison, Mille Lacs, Kanabec and Pine counties, in this State, and during the past season he established a new colony of Hollanders on a portion of these lands and part of the Saint Paul & Duluth Railway Company's lands, for which he is land agent. This colony is roundabout the station of Friesland in Pine County, on the Saint Paul & Duluth line, a number of Germans having also been located on the same road near Hinckley. At Miller he has settled a colony of Scandinavians—a total of three colonies in 1896 along the railway last mentioned, comprising 200 families of actual settlers. About 500 sales have been made, however, all to people who will eventually locate in these colonies. There is scarcely a State that is not represented, thus indicating the broad nature of Mr. Koch's work.

In the eastern part of Morrison County, Minn., and on land owned exclusively by Mr. Koch, he has started a colony of Dunkards and Mennonites. There are over 100 souls there now, and it is probable that at least 250 persons will be settled there by July, 1897. It is called the Mt. Morris Colony, and the post-office will be Goshen.

All these lands are sold on easy payments. Prices run from \$3 to \$6 per acre, with ten years' time to pay for same at seven per cent interest. All kinds of encouragement is given settlers to make money. Mr. Koch gives them

contracts for cutting large quantities of timber, the logs to be hauled by them to portable saw-mills which are located in the colonies, the lumber being marketed by Mr. Koch. He also helps them to build roads and donates the lumber for their churches, together with twenty acres of ground for church purposes. In every possible manner he assists in making his colonists happy, contented and prosperous.

There are already sixty-one children of school age in the Dunkard and Mennonite Colony, and application has been made for two schoolhouses. In the Friesland colony there are 200 school children, two schools in running operation, and two more applied for. There are two distinct church organizations. One church is completed; the other denomination holds services in one of the schoolhouses. Stores, a hotel and warehouse and two colony houses for newcomers were put up in Friesland in 1896. At Miller a double store and a hotel were erected last year. Each colony has a blacksmith shop and such conveniences and facilities as are essential to their well-being. They are busied summer and winter alike. This winter, for instance, the colonists at Friesland are cutting cordwood on their land and hauling it to the railway station, upon which Mr. Koch finds a sale for it and in this manner encourages a life of industry.

It has been a good work, well done. There are many who will rejoice in Mr. Koch's prosperity, many who will wish him continued success in finding worthy settlers for Minnesota lands. Interested persons who desire fuller details relative to Mr. Koch's operations, can secure them at the office in St. Paul, the office in the Oxford Building, Chicago, and at the offices maintained at each of the colonies. Information is supplied in eight different languages, so that all can be accommodated.

Pertaining to Human Vision.

One of the busiest and most interesting departments in Schuneman & Evans' mammoth establishment, in St. Paul, is the one devoted to all manner of optical goods. G. D. Bruce Tudor, the manager, is thirty-two years of age and has been in the business since he was a youth of eighteen, at which time he entered the service of prominent manufacturing opti-

cians. He afterwards traveled for the largest manufacturing optical house in the country and was brought in contact with many leading oculists and opticians in the United States and in Mexico and Canada. In his fourteen years of experience he has seen the optical business pass gradually from the hands of irresponsible parties into the hands of trained oculists and opticians. Up to four or five years ago it was only possible to obtain properly constructed spectacles by consulting an oculist and by carrying his prescription to an optician. Realizing that there was a demand for properly centered lenses and properly fitted frames, at prices which would be within the reach of every one, Mr. Tudor opened an optical department in the well-known St. Paul house of Schuneman & Evans, and other similar departments in S. E. Olson's big store in Minneapolis, Pantan & White's in Duluth, James Morgan & Company's in Milwaukee, and a fifth in the John C. Lewis establishment at Louisville, Ky. The goods carried are the best that can be bought, and they are placed in the market at about one-half the standard optician prices. Oculists' prescriptions are always filled at half-price. A large patronage has resulted from Mr. Tudor's careful and skillful efforts, and universal satisfaction seems to have been given.

Peopling the Great Northwest.

In a recent chat with J. E. Ricketts, president of the corporation known as Northwestern Land Companies, whose offices are in the Pioneer Press Building in St. Paul, it was learned that the companies' land sales for 1896 amounted to about \$225,000 and that the average sales for the past few years have been at least \$250,000 per annum. The rental income for the past year was fifty per cent greater than for 1895, thus showing, that, good as business was formerly, farmers are growing in number and meeting with evident success in their farming operations.

The Northwestern Land Companies handle farm lands almost exclusively—lands located in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the two Dakotas. The corporation also handles lands in Louisiana and Texas, and in the irrigated portions of the Rocky Mountain region. During the past few years it has done a great deal to induce immigration to the Northwest, a corps of traveling representatives being maintained for that purpose. All the lands sold belong to the companies. The companies own absolutely 200,000 acres of land in the Northwest, and these lands are all improved and lie in the most productive portions of the States named, near good market towns. The settlement of these lands is, of course, the companies' chief specialty. Choice farms are offered on the popular crop-payment plan. Only ten per cent of the purchase price is required in cash. In payment of the remainder the purchaser delivers to the seller one-half of the crop each year, the proceeds to apply on the purchase money and interest, which is placed at six per cent. This kind of contract may cover a period of ten years, but good management usually succeeds in clearing the farm of debt in a much shorter time. On the installment plan fifteen per cent is required in cash, the balance being paid in annual installments at six per cent interest. Northwestern Land Companies are successors to the land department of the old Graves and Vinton Company. The business has experienced a change in name only, except that it is now conducted on broader and more enterprising methods than ever.

A Napoleon in St. Paul.

The bicycle is not in overwhelming evidence during the winter months, but in the summer period it multiplies itself prodigiously and in-



OPTICAL DEPARTMENT IN SCHUNEMAN & EVANS' BIG STORE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

vades the remotest corners of the Northwest. And the bicycle fever does not seem to abate one whit. Indications all point to renewed interest in the wheel for the season of 1897. The A. D. Smith Cycle House, 382 St. Peter Street, St. Paul, is already making preparations for a big spring and summer trade. Mr. Smith is a leading dealer in these goods, and probably sells as many wheels as any man in the Northwest. His great staples are the Napoleon line of bicycles and the medium price Crawfords. The Napoleons have a splendid reputation throughout the whole country. They are high-art cycles in very truth—belonging to the highest grade. Beautifully finished, light, and of superior mechanical construction, they never fail to give satisfaction. They are good racing wheels; and at present they seem to be the favorite society bicycles. The "Josephine" has an adjustable bar, laced wood dress-guards, and is finished in royal blue. All of this line of goods bear the latest improvements, and for any of them one may have a choice of handle-bars and tires.

The Crawford meets the requirements of those who want a thoroughly good and reliable wheel for a moderate outlay. They are of medium price, but by no means cheaply made. Thousands of them are in use here in the Northwest, and other thousands will be sold next season.

The A. D. Smith Cycle House carries a full stock of bicycle supplies, a good line of athletic goods, and aims to do everything in its power to advance cycling and other kindred interests.

The Pork Industry in Washington.

Some time in September the *Seattle Trade Register* took up the study of Washington's pork industry and prepared therefrom figures which are at least interesting if not altogether complete. Bringing its report for the year down to June 30, 1896, it shows that the shipments of hogs to various markets in and out of the State could not have amounted to less than 10,946,000 pounds. Reduced to merchantable products, this would represent 1,083,100 pounds of shoulders, valued at \$43,324; 1,299,720 pounds of ham, valued at \$116,975; 1,624,650 pounds of lard, valued at \$81,232, and 3,790,850 pounds of salt sides, valued at \$180,065. The total weight of these products is 7,798,320 pounds; total value, \$421,596. The *Register* thinks it safe to say that the total number of hogs turned into pork, for the year ending June 30, was not less than 30,000. The estimate of the number of hogs raised in the State last year was from 125,000 to 150,000, and from the increased shipment to the packing-houses in the State this year, the *Register* believes the number to be over 200,000 hogs. Montana receives the largest outside shipments of hogs from Washington, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City being good seconds. Whitman County has been the heaviest shipper with 75,000 hogs, Garfield and Douglas counties ranking next in importance.

All the above figures are, to say the least, conservative. The *Register* admits that it cannot give accurate and complete returns until it receives reports from the various county assessors, upon which it promises to base another and closer estimate. Enough is shown, however, to indicate the great value of this growing industry to Washington and the entire Northwest, and to point out the fact that the resources of the State are not limited to the production of grain, fruit, lumber and minerals. The actual sale of 900 car-loads of hogs within one year is a great result for so young a commonwealth—a result which will soon call for the establishment of larger packing-houses in order that the industry may receive still greater encouragement.

Summer or Winter.

Which do you prefer—the warm sunshine of summer or the chilly blasts of winter? A few hours' journey and a small amount of money will carry you from the snows of the Northwest to California, the land of eternal summer. During the past few years, to meet the demands of people of moderate means, the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) has established a through service of Pullman tourist sleeping-cars to Los Angeles, without change, via the Kansas City and Santa Fe Route. The cars in service this year are Pullman's newest and best tourist sleepers—as comfortable as standard sleepers, though not so elaborate, while the berth rates are very much less. They are complete in every respect, furnished with fresh, clean linen and bedding and in charge of the usual porter. Investigation will prove that the route via the Great Western and Kansas City is the shortest, a car leaving Minneapolis at 7:00 A. M. every Tuesday and arriving at Los Angeles the following Saturday at noon. A feature of this route is that no Sunday traveling is necessary. Greatly reduced rates for round-trip tickets are now in effect. The car will leave St. Paul every Tuesday at 7:35 A. M., and if you are contemplating a California trip, the Chicago Great Western Railway would be pleased to furnish you all information, which can be obtained from any of its agents, or from F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

An Old St. Paul House.

For a score of years or more a goodly proportion of St. Paul masculinity have been in the habit of purchasing their headgear and furnishing-goods at the old pioneer house of R. A. Lanpher & Co., now located at 353 Robert Street. Mr. Lanpher is the oldest hatter in the city, having been in the business twenty-eight years. His specialties consist of high-grade goods only. He is sole agent for the celebrated Dunlap make of hats, for Dr. Jaeger's fine underwear and for Reyniers superior kid gloves. For twenty-five years he has been a manufacturer of fine shirts. They are made to individual order and also kept in stock. Mr.



R. A. LANPHER.

Lanpher may be said to have an established trade. The excellent quality of his goods, taken with his uniform courtesy and reasonable prices, have rallied about him a strong line of patronage that never deserts him. His store is a popular resort for nearly everything that a good dresser needs. The stocks are clean and fresh, and the articles in neckwear, hosiery, underwear, etc., are fashionable and of the best material.

New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration

Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000, address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.



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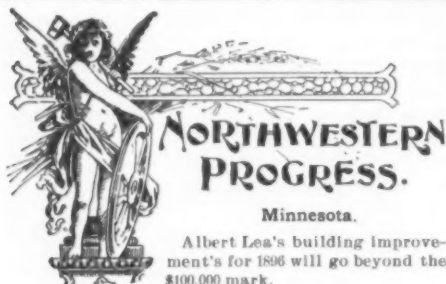
The Finest Train in the World.

Dr. W. S. Williams, now professor of veterinary medicine at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., who recently removed with his family from Bozeman, Montana, traveled via "THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE," St. Paul to Chicago, and writes: "We found the 'North-Western Limited' all that it is advertised; the sleeping cars superb and the dining car service all that could be desired."

The "New North-Western Limited," from the mammoth engine, patterned after the famous "999," to the last car in the train, is brand new, and represents the latest and best ideas for absolute comfort and luxury while traveling.

Besides the splendid buffet smoking library coach, which is really a club room on wheels, there is a private compartment sleeping car, which is just the thing for ladies, families and those who desire privacy; luxuriously appointed standard sleeping cars, and the most comfortable day coaches ever offered to the traveling public.

The "Now North-Western Limited," via the North-Western Line, leaves Minneapolis every night 7:30, St. Paul 8:10, for Milwaukee and Chicago; and leaves Chicago 6:30 every night for St. Paul and Minneapolis.



Duluth has a new \$150,000 wholesale grocery house.

S. S. Stadsvald will erect a new roller-mill and elevator next season at Fosston.

Rochester's Board of Trade and other citizens have organized a woolen-mill company.

The village of Good Thunder has just completed a \$5,000 water-works system and has ordered a first-class fire equipment.

A Minneapolis man has started a shirt factory in Fergus Falls and expects to keep two men on the road selling the products.

The Moorhead News says that there is not a better point in the State for the establishment of a linseed oil-mill. The county raises the flax.

Anoka's starch factory used 25,000 bushels of stockholders' potatoes last year and manufactured 150,000 pounds of starch. It is co-operative.

\$50,000 worth of improvements were made in Redwood Falls last year—including a new hotel, business blocks and a number of residences, all of which are good indications.

Madison, burned out a year ago, is getting into better shape than ever. New buildings worth \$40,000 have been built, including five brick structures. Prospects are bright for 1897.

Sauk Center is at work on a new sawmill. It will be used by the Keller Manufacturing Company for making sleds. The company now employs 100 men and runs day and night.

It has been decided to keep 150 men at work all winter in the Cincinnati iron mine near Biwabik. The McKinley mine will also be worked. All this means greater prosperity for towns in the iron districts and is received as good news.

Of a total of 9,663,339 gross tons of iron ore shipped from the Lake Superior region last year, Minnesota furnished 4,019,000 tons, as against 5,664,339 tons from Michigan and Wisconsin combined. The latter mines have fallen off 750,000 tons since 1895, while Minnesota has increased steadily.

Northern Minnesota is fast becoming a lumber center. The St. Hilaire Company at St. Hilaire has enlarged the plans for its new mill and will cut 25,000,000 feet, and P. & J. Meehan 8,000,000, besides 10,000,000 in the river. The Red River Lumber Company has 5,000,000 on hand and will cut 12,000,000 this winter.

The shipments of grain from Duluth during the season of navigation just closed was the heaviest in the history of the port. They amount to 60,300,565 bushels, of which 50,094,223 were wheat; 402,545, corn; 4,865,762, oats; 1,391,661, rye; 6,694,349, barley, and 5,351,661, flax. During the season of 1895 the total shipments amounted to only 44,338,355 bushels.

The St. Cloud Iron Works has obtained the contract for building a granite column-cutter for the Lyons Granite Company of Quincy, Mass., the weight being 26,000 pounds. The order was taken in active competition with a firm of manufacturers in Aberdeen, Scotland, and it will require three months to make the cutter. This is a feather for St. Cloud.

The Lake Superior Consolidated has arranged to resume work on the valuable Rush iron property near Hibbing. The machinery is all there, and the work will be pushed. The Consolidated has ordered that 200 men be put at work at the Tilden mine, near Bessemer, to be continued all winter. But twenty-nine men have been working there, and the additional men will be great help to Bessemer.

North Dakota.

Aneta will have four elevators for the next crop.

Lisbon and Fargo are now connected by telephone.

V. B. Noble of Bottineau will establish a second bank at Minot.

All the wires for the Bismarck electric light plant have been strung.

Fargo is to have a new wholesale grocery house, making five in all.

The Fargo post-office is now quartered in the new Government building.

A new machine-shop to cost \$10,000 to \$12,000 will be constructed next spring in Jamestown.

The Grand Forks university has an attendance of 170 pupils, the largest number ever enrolled in that institution.

The Oakes Republican has a steam plant to operate the presses and heat the building. All of Oakes manufacture, too.

Dickey lays just claim to being one of the best wheat markets in the State, and the Chronicle says that the town is in a thriving condition.

Bathgate is to have a public reading-room. Citizens have already contributed \$150 toward fitting up the rooms and supplying the papers and magazines.

The Grand Forks woolen-mills have branched out as wholesale manufacturers of ready-made clothing, but will confine their operations, for the time being, to the manufacture of pants.

The new town of Finley, on the Hope extension, is making rapid strides towards becoming a business center. The Cargill elevator is now completed and the St. Anthony and Dakota elevator will be ready for business soon.

According to a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, North Dakota has 146,328 milch cows, valued at \$3,230,000, which produce 3,365,000 pounds of milk annually valued at \$1,850,750. The greatest activity in dairying prevails in the counties of Cass, Grand Forks, Dickie, Ransom and Sargent.

The great demand for native lignite coal throughout the State is compelling the Dickinson mines to run their forces to full capacity, and then they are unable to keep up with the demand. The mines at Lehigh have had their capacity increased by the introduction of electrically-propelled machinery.

South Dakota.

A state bank is to be established at White Rock in Roberts County.

Mitchell will soon have an opera-house capable of seating 900 persons.

Experts say that the stone in the quarry at Edgemont is the best in the country for the manufacture of wood-pulp stones used in producing the fiber-ware which is now so popular.

The annual report of the State Mine Inspector, for the year ending Dec. 15, shows a total gold output of \$6,178,675. Copper ore yielded about \$200,000. The gold increase over 1895 is \$1,368,675.

One of the largest and best equipped flour-mills in the State is owned by the Rapid City Milling Co., of Rapid City, in the Black Hills. Seven or eight years ago it had difficulty in getting enough wheat to keep its wheels turning, but now it is a heavy producer of flour for outside shipment. A few weeks ago two train-loads were shipped, 2,500 barrels of which were sent to feed the Indians at the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies. The water-power is first-class, and sufficient in volume to keep many other mills in operation.

According to the Deadwood Pioneer, the last shipment of ore from the Durango mine at Lead netted the owners, Sullivan, Foley and Cusick, \$6,949. Mr. Sullivan accompanied the shipment to Kansas City and took with him, besides two car-loads, eight 100-pound sacks of ore that averaged 119 ounces of gold to the ton, and ten sacks that averaged sixteen ounces. One car-load, weighing twenty-seven tons, netted \$131 per ton, and another weighing twenty-five tons netted \$60. The owners do not work the mine steadily, but draw upon it as they would upon a fat bank account, as the ore is equivalent to so much money to them and they do not worry over the probable stability of the deposit.

Montana.

It is said that 300 men are employed in the coal mines at Chasnut in the Bozeman Range.

The State Soldiers' Home, located on the banks of Flathead River, a mile west of Columbia, is practically completed and ready to turn over to the commission.

The Montana National Bank of Helena has been designated by Secretary Carlisle as the Government depository in Montana.

Four new counties will ask to be created at the forthcoming session of the Montana Legislature. They are Broadwater, Rosebud, Bear Paw, and a division of Deer Lodge County.

The Montana Railroad is now completed. The road, which is a Helena enterprise, is about sixty miles long and runs from Leadboro, two miles from Castle, to the Northern Pacific road near Townsend. — *Deer Lodge News Northwest.*

It is asserted that the antimony mines near Thompson Falls contain the largest deposits of antimony in this country. This property has been leased to John Smiley, of Indiana, who will operate it on an extensive scale.

Clancey is the railway center of Jefferson County. There are twenty trains each day on the Montana Central and two on the Northern Pacific. All the train-crews of the Montana Central live here, and their combined wages amount to about \$12,000 per month — *Clancey Miner.*

Three car-loads of Anaconda copper were shipped recently to the rolling-mills at Houghton, Mich., to be drawn into wire. The Quigley Record says that this is the first time that Montana copper has come directly into competition with the lake copper, and that the Michigan mining men are not viewing the fact with any degree of pleasure.

From the school edition of the enterprising *Inter-Lake* of Kallispell, it is learned that Flathead County has twenty-five school districts that are supplied with good, substantial schoolhouses. Kallispell's new two-story brick school building is pronounced a model. Columbia Falls, in the same county, also has a fine two-story schoolhouse. Teachers' institutes are held in the county annually.

It is expected that the property of the Butte & Boston Co. will be sold Feb. 1 by decree of Judge Knowles. Reorganization will follow at once, and the great property be worked vigorously by a large force of employees. The whole indebtedness of the old company is \$2,600,000, a small fraction of the real value of its assets. The reorganization company will start with about \$1,400,000 cash in its treasury, \$1,500,000 of 6 per cent bonds, 200,000 shares outstanding, the latest smelter at Butte, and a rising copper market. Cash for development is said to be all this property ever lacked.

Idaho.

The Black mine at Silver City, Owyhee County, declared a monthly dividend for November amounting to \$84,000.

The Moscow Mirror says that the tunnel in the Black Jack and Trade Dollar mines on Florida Mountain in South Idaho were connected recently, and that the tunnel now reaches clear through the mountain, a distance of more than a mile.

A controlling interest in the celebrated Helena and Frisco mine in the Cour d'Alenes, on Canyon Creek and midway between Wallace and Burke, owned by Helena, Mont., men, has been sold to the London Exploration Company for \$500,000. The Helena-Frisco is a silver-lead proposition and has already paid nearly \$500,000 in dividends. The head office will continue to be in Helena, and it is expected that the mines will be worked on a more extensive scale than ever before.

Mining operations are active at the head of Gold Creek, seventeen miles northwest of Pierce City. The Crescent mine, owned and operated by the Dunn Brothers, is maintaining its reputation as a money-maker, and the Frisco people, operating near Pierce City, have done considerable work in development during the fall and early winter. They have a five-stamp mill now on its way to their property. A good authority says that the outlook of the district is flattering.

Oregon.

Astoria is now glorying in a new theater of 750 seating capacity. It is modern, and well furnished with all up-to-date accessories.

A large quantity of hydraulic machinery is being put in at different points in Jackson and Josephine counties, and the mining season promises to be a brisker one than ever.

Pendleton is expecting good results from its new pork-packing company, which claims ability to handle all the hogs that can be brought to that market. It will be a permanent industry if farmers in the tributary country can furnish swine to keep the plant going.

The Walker Brothers have completed their flour-mill building at Carson, in Pine Valley, and the plant will soon be in operation. The mill will be a great help to that part of Union County.

The first bolt of worsted goods ever made west of the Mississippi River and placed on the market for sale, was turned out at the Salem woolen-mills recently, says the Portland *Oregonian*. The cloth is made wholly of Oregon wool.

Washington.

A Colorado firm proposes to erect sampling works at Spokane, Wash.

A new town, to be known as Silver, has been started in the Methow District.

Mining companies continue incorporating in the State at the rate of ten a day.

Some mining locations have recently been made in the business part of the city of Spokane.

J. C. Wallace's sorghum-mill near Lakeside, Okanogan County, turned out 500 gallons of good grade syrup this season.

The Seattle Cedar Pencil Company uses native wood and is the first pencil factory located west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Auburn Creamery Company's output is 1,000 pounds of butter and 2,000 pounds of cheese weekly. The company is operating factories at Auburn and Kent.

A car-load of desirable immigrants arrived at North Yakima from the East recently, and will engage in agriculture and stock-raising. Three members of the party represent a capital of \$40,000.

So far a total of \$180,000 has been raised in eighteen months toward the endowment of Whitman College at Walla Walla. An effort will be made to secure the additional \$20,000 necessary by January 1.

Tacoma's new shoe factory has a manufacturing capacity of 500 pairs per day—big enough to furnish work for 100 operatives. As there are but two other shoe factories in the Pacific Northwest,—one in Seattle, the other at Salem, Ore.—Tacoma's enterprise ought to prosper.

The new mill of the Northwestern Lumber Company at Hoquiam, Wash., is about ready for operation. The main building will be 52x300 feet, with an L 40x60, the capacity being 100,000 feet per day. The dry kiln has a capacity of four cars per day, and the machine-shops said to be a model of perfection.

The Hydro Smelting and Refining Company, patentees of a new smelting process, is arranging for the construction of a smelter at Old Tacoma for reducing ores by the specific plan. J. McGow, an expert of Chicago, formerly with the Carnegie Company, will have charge of the plant. S. M. Trapp is the inventor of the process.—*Tacoma West Coast Trade*.

The Tacoma smelter is receiving large consignments of ore, with prospects that it will have more this winter than it can handle. The output during the summer has been about \$100,000 a month. In November it was about \$86,000. The smelter was started in September, 1890, and its fires have never been allowed to go down since, except for a few days during the railroad strike in 1894.

The Inland Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Sunset Telephone Company, have reached an agreement and will jointly construct 536 miles of new line next year, extending from Eastern Washington to the cities of the Sound. There will be a continuous line from Spokane via Walla Walla, North Yakima, Ellensburg and Tacoma to Seattle. The estimated cost of this work is \$72,000.

Canadian Northwest.

A new smelter is to be built at Vancouver, B. C.

Mica beds have been located on the Slocan River, British Columbia.

The present population of Manitoba is 193,425, an increase of 40,919 in five years.

The Bank of British Columbia has opened a branch at Sandon, B. C. There are two railways running to the town, and it is thronged with people.

The Cariboo Mining Company, of Camp McKinney, B. C., has declared its thirteenth dividend from its Spokane office, payable December 7, of two cents per share, making \$16,000. This makes \$112,000 in dividends paid to stockholders since the beginning of 1895.

Owing to the large increase of business in the Kootenay Country, B. C., the Canadian Pacific Railway has made a new division with headquarters at Nelson.

A Canadian Pacific Railway official has figured out that Lake Winnipeg's output of fish for the coming season will exceed 6,000 tons,—the Lake of the Woods' contribution last season.

Seventy-five per cent of the Government land transactions this year in Ontario is the record claimed for the Rat Portage office. An even greater proportion is probable for the coming year.

The Rossland *Miner* says that the Columbia & Red Mountain extension of the Spokane & Northern Railway is completed to Rossland and through trains from Spokane began running Dec. 12.

The Ogilvie Milling Co. of Winnipeg are preparing plans for a new 750,000-bushel elevator in Winnipeg and a 500,000-bushel elevator in Montreal. The total storage capacity of the company will then be 1,500,000 bushels.

In the Alberni District, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, there are 983 mining locations, two gold-mills, and several large hydraulic plants. The Alberni Consolidated Company has put in a ten-stamp mill that has given returns of \$54 free gold, with sulphurets carrying \$20.

The Iron Mask shaft at Rossland is now down seventy feet, and the bottom shows a fine streak of high-grade copper ore, fully five feet wide. The long tunnel, which, when completed, will constitute the main workings of the Iron Mask and War Eagle properties, is going in rapidly. It is expected that this tunnel will be under the ore chute now being stoped out in No. 2 level by next March.

Doctor Barnado, the noted English philanthropist, has established in Winnipeg a branch of his institution for the relief of the poor children of the larger cities of England. The Winnipeg branch, like all other branches, will serve as a distributing point for the graduates of the English Homes. The children sent out are true graduates, since it is necessary for them to give satisfaction in a course of training before being sent abroad. The boys are, as a rule, between the ages of ten and twelve years, and it is the duty of the branch homes to find employment for them in proper places.

A recent issue of the Winnipeg (Man.) *Free Press* contains the statement "that mining developments in the Lake of the Woods District, in Ontario, will increase the value of real estate, not only in Winnipeg, but in that whole country. Winnipeg is the distributing center not only for the Lake of the Woods mining region, but also for the Kootenay District; and should the Crow's Nest Pass railway be built next year, with the good prices being paid for wheat, it is only reasonable to look for an increase of agricultural settlers." The same article says that "the prospect of securing navigation from Lake Winnipeg to the city by the construction of locks at St. Andrew's Rapids, is an important factor in giving a better tone to the realty market, and the materialization of the project will give a big impetus to business generally."

We know that Cod-liver Oil is a fat-forming food because takers of it gain rapidly in weight under its use and the whole body receives vital force. When prepared as in Scott's Emulsion, it is quickly and easily changed into the tissues of the body. As your doctor would say, "it is easily assimilated." Perhaps you are suffering from fat starvation. You take fat enough with your food, but it either isn't the right kind, or it isn't digested. You need fat prepared for you, as in Scott's Emulsion.

HOW A WIFE MAKES MONEY.

Dear Editor:—I feel so happy I must tell you what I did. Hard times threw my husband out of work; interest on mortgage was due. I read Mrs. Lewis' success, sent for a \$5 Vapor Bath Cabinet. It's a wonder, greatest blessing humanity ever invented. First day I sold 6; in one month I made \$119 profit and paid our debts. Everybody, sick or well wants one. It furnishes Turkish or Medicated Vapor Baths at home, beautifies the skin, absolutely cures Colds, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Malaria, Weakness and all Blood, Skin and Kidney troubles. Any wife can do as I by writing H. World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. Mrs. B.

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Ag'l Editor, Farmers' Tribune.

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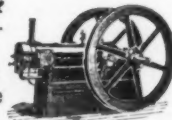
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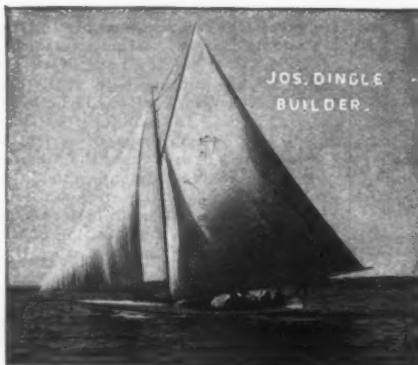
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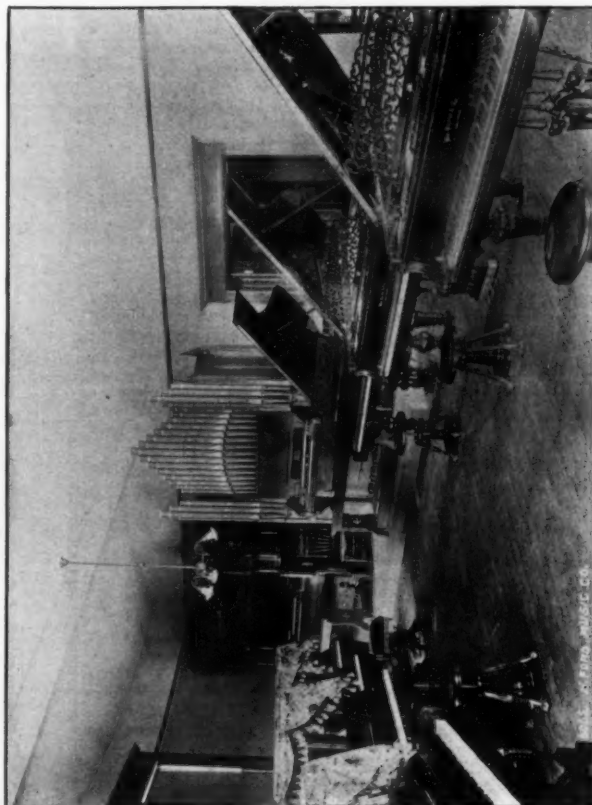
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CONSTIPATED DUTIES.

Some time ago, it is stated, in one of the societies in this city that is designed for women and principally operated by them, there was a committee appointed for some purpose that was afterwards forgotten by many of the members. At one of the sessions a sister desired some information in regard to the committee. Another sister was called upon to enlighten her, and, after explaining the work expected of the committee, closed her remarks with the statement that she believed that "this constipated all the duties of the committee."—*Townsend (Mont.) Messenger.*

THE POPS WOULDN'T STAND IT.

Now that the smoke of the late political contest has rolled away, narratives of individual experiences are in order and will be listened to with more or less interest. The Billings (Mont.) Gazette relates the following of a gentleman who lives less than a thousand miles from that town, a rock-ribbed Bryanite who was a candidate for an important office on the Democratic ticket in one of the strong Republican counties of Montana. The other day he came to Billings and told how it happened that he will remain a private citizen for an indefinite period.

"You see," he said, "it was this way. My election depended upon the Populist vote of my county, and, realizing this, I fixed them plenty; shelled out to them without stint and spent more money than the office would yield me if I was to hold it ten years."

"Then how did it happen that you were defeated?" queried a friend.

"That's just what I was coming to," replied the disappointed patriot. "It was my own d—d foolishness. On the day of election I appeared on the streets wearing a 'biled' shirt and stand-up collar. The Pops con-



LISTEN TO HIS TAIL OF WOE.

cluded that I was a bloated plutocratic bondholder—not even fit for the Montana Legislature—and they voted against me to a man. And that's why I've got it in for the Pops; they don't know a good man when they see him."

SHE HAD HIM PAT.

Stories of book agents, like those of mothers-in-law, take on a weakly look as the century draws to a close, but now and then one turns up which seems to have a new sparkle and which merits time enough to read it. The *Spokane-Review* of Spokane, Wash., tells of an agent who had been taking orders for books in the country districts. He saw a nice-looking house about supper time, one evening, and, thinking it would be a good place to spend the night, concluded that the safest way would be to put his team up first, and ask if he might stay afterwards. Acting upon this idea, he drove up to the big red barn. The only person in sight was a colored man, who was requested to help unhitch, and who was bossed around generally by the agent. After giving careful instructions as to the horse-feed, the visitor went toward the house without even saying "thanks" to the colored man. The door was opened by a fair-faced white woman, quite young and, withal, rather good-looking. The book agent acted and talked his very nicest for a few minutes, and then asked if he might stay over night.

"You will have to ask my husband, who is out at the barn," she replied.

"Why, I didn't see him," returned the agent. "I put my horses up, and the only man around was a nigger."

"That's my husband," she answered, without even looking up from the cloth she was spreading.

"Wh—wh—what?" exclaimed the bookman in surprise. "It hardly seems possible! How in the world did it happen that such a good-looking woman as you ever married a nigger?"

"Oh," she replied, without seeming to be at all displeased with his remarks, "he is good and kind, and minds his own business; and then, when I come to think of the way my sister married, I think I did extra well."

"Indeed; and who did your sister marry?"

"Oh, one of those worthless and disagreeable book agents," she answered.

He hitched up his team and stayed that night with an old bachelor in a sod house.

HE KEPT THE TOWN LAUGHING.

Captain Delgardno, of Port Townsend, Wash., a veritable character in his way, who invariably used long words and was seldom known to get one in the right place, was nevertheless quite public-spirited. At one time he was much exercised because he heard that a large colony of Scandinavians were coming to settle on Puget Sound. He rushed into Mr. Weir's office in Port Townsend and told him, with evident glee, that this country would be developed now, sure, because there was a tremendous big colony of Antediluvians coming.

When Delgardno lived in Port Angeles his progressive spirit led to his being elected a member of the town council. In this capacity he became much interested in the question of street improvements. The usual discussion as to the relative merits and desirability of various kinds of paving material took place. "Del," as he was familiarly called, reflected that wood was the most plentiful material in sight, yet he wasn't quite sure as to just how it could be put together for paving purposes; but, having sublime faith in the ability of the council to figure it out, he cried out in a storm of earnest argument at one of their meetings:

"Gentlemen, I consider it our bounden duty to degrade and pave these streets! By putting our heads together we can at least construct a wooden pavement. By so doing our posteriors will forever bless us."—*S. L. Crawford in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

"THE PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCES."

A few days ago a rather shabby-looking man came out of a Carrall Street pawnshop, the Vancouver (B. C.) *World* says, wearing such a look of despair that the heart of a benevolent and well-to-do citizen, who was passing at the time, experienced a sharp twinge of pain. Convinced that the distortion of the shabby man's countenance was due to some horrible grief, and feeling that perhaps here was an opportunity for the exercise of a little unostentatious charity, he made up his mind to follow him and learn his sad story. The shabby man had not gone more than a hundred feet from the door when he paused and drew his hands several times across his brow, glancing back at the same time with a sadly wistful expression. The benevolent citizen laid his hand gently on the shabby man's shoulder, and said:

"You are troubled in mind, my friend."

"I don't know what business it is of yours," replied the other, but I will admit that I am."

"And you have left something immeasurably precious in that pawnshop," continued the benevolent man.

"How the devil do you know that?" returned the shabby man, with some fierceness. "Do you think you are going to do me out of it?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the other. "All I want is to be of assistance to you. Tell me the painful circumstances."

"What are you giving me, anyway?" asked the shabby man.

"Anything in reason," replied the would-be benefactor, "to save you from the degradation to which you have been reduced."

"See here," said the other, "what in thunder are you talking about? There is a coin in that store that I want for my collection. I am bound to have it, but I won't pay the rascal who owns it a cent more than its value. He wants ten dollars more than it is worth, and he thinks he can squeeze me because I want it badly. That's what's troubling me. If you think I've been in there pawning my last shirt to buy a loaf of stale bread for my starving family, you are away off. Good morning, sir, and don't be so condemnably officious another time." And with these words the shabby man retraced his steps to the pawnshop, leaving the benevolent citizen covered with confusion.

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, loss of vitality, lack of confidence, etc.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone. I was robbed by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray, Mich.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free. Claims to be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering from any form of nervous weakness ought to write for such a remedy at once. A request to H. C. Olds, Box 1802, Kalamazoo, Mich., stating that you are not sending for the prescription out of idle curiosity, but that you wish to make use of the medicine by giving it a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may wonder how Mr. Olds can afford to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. Cut this out and send to Mr. Olds, so that he may know how you came to write him.

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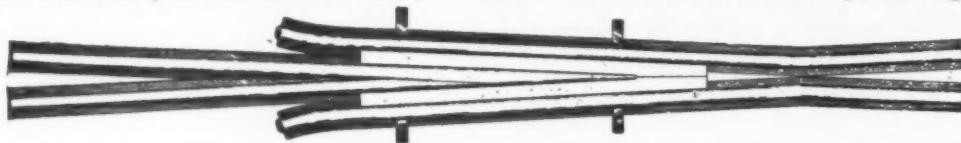
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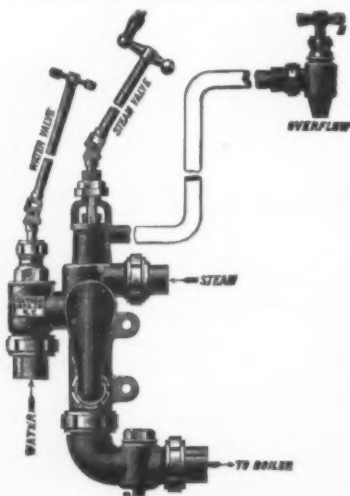
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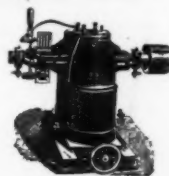
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Stradivarius, the great violin maker, who turned out about 700 instruments in his lifetime, never got more than \$25 for a fiddle, whereas now they command as high as \$10,000 each. It goes to show that people never appreciate a man until after he is dead. The Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, however, has never lacked appreciation. At all times it has been the people's popular route to and between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points, for many reasons. Its finely equipped trains run rapidly and smoothly at convenient hours through a fine country, and it makes close connections at all points with trains running in all directions. Its facilities and its policy are such as to appeal to the traveling public, which likes speed, comfort, convenience, and for that reason it keeps its popularity. Always take the Duluth Short Line. Maps, circulars, folders, etc., may be had of ticket agents generally, or can be obtained by writing direct to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Good Election Story.

One of the tersest and best of the election stories is related by Chairman Sweetland of the State committee, says the Vancouver (Wash.) Independent. "It was getting rather late in the evening of election day," he said, "and we were anxious to hear something definite from one of the most important precincts in Eastern Washington, which was not reported for several days. I telegraphed over my own signature to the leader of the precinct:

"I have had no news from you. Please let me hear at once and report fully. Send me 100 lines or so on the actual state of affairs."

"In about an hour I got his reply:

"We have gone to hades over here, and it doesn't take any 100 lines to tell it, either!"

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



"Love's golden dream is ore," sang the chorus girl, as she counted up her breach-of-promise damages.

In some way, de man yo' hate allus manages toe become acquainted wid de gurl yo' like bes'.—*Thomas Cat.*

She (pointing to a star)—"Ah! There is Orion." Voice (from the darkness)—"Yez are mishtaken, mum; it's O'Reilly."

Diner—"Isn't that a pretty small steak?" Attendant—"Yes, but you'll find that it will take you a good while to eat it."

Tailor—"I've got some goods that speak for themselves."

Customer—"Oh, I don't want anything quite so loud as that."

Alle Gheny (dramatically, by the sad sea waves)—"Oh, Mr. Stone, wouldn't it be just awful to live out there in that lonely lighthouse?"

Eddy Stone (demurely, same place)—"Oh, I don't know. Good enough for light housekeeping."



"See here, boss! Ain't dem pants growed too short fer me?"

"Young man, you vas not opprecladive. Dot ish te latest English style. Dose bants are a perfect fit, and you vas lucky to got dem."

She—"I understand you proposed to Emily while out for a stroll last night?"

He—"Yes; I won in a walk."

Jack—"That man has fought his way through life." Jim—"How so?"

"He's been married four times."

Facetious Passenger—"Conductor, how often does your trolley-car kill a man?" Conductor (tartly)—"Only once."

An exchange announces, on the death of a lady, that "she lived fifty years with her husband, and died in confident hope of a better life."

"What style of picture do you desire?" asked the photographer of Mr. Merriam. "Cabinet size," was the absent-minded reply.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

Little Ethel—"Mamma, was you home when I was born?" Mother: "No, darling; I was in Chicago." Little Ethel: "Was you s'prised when you heard?"

"I don't know," cried the excited female voice in the darkness, "whether you are my husband or a burglar, but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot."

Chemist—"A pennyworth of camphor, did you say, my boy?"

Funny Boy—"Yes; that's what I camphor!"

Then the chemist wouldn't serve him, and no wonder.

"Woman, lovely woman!" exclaimed Blinkins. "She needs no eulogy!" "Bet she doesn't!" said Jenkins. "She speaks for herself!"

Mrs. Talkalot—"What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?" Joseph—"Goah all fish-hooks, Maria! It's the only chance I ever get."

The Cross-eyed Walter (after the collision)—"Why don't yo' look whar youse goin'?"

Second Walter—"Why don't yo' go whar youse lookin'?"—*Thomas Cat.*

Tenderfoot—"What's the trouble up yonder?" Cyclone Sam—"We've captured the originator of de word 'nit,' an' de boys is debat'n' wedder ter burn 'im at de stake or hang 'im."

Customer—"I say, waiter; I don't know what to eat today. Can you give me a pointer?" "Frankfurters for one!" shouted the waiter, as he started for the kitchen.

Mr. Hamburg—"I see by the papers that a postage-stamp lick has been invented."

Mrs. Hamburg—"Just like those wicked distillers. Whatever they do, I hope they won't try to sell it on Sunday."

With some other excursionists she was on the front at Brighton on Sunday afternoon, and, evidently discussing a trip aboard the "Skylark," she exclaimed: "Well, you go if you like, Em'ly; I prefer to remain on vice versa!"

Millionaire—"Honesty, my son, is always the best policy."

Son—"Well, maybe it is, father; but you seem to have done pretty well."

"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort.

"Excellent, sir, excellent! One can become a centenarian here in a little while."

Lady—"Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat."

Hibernian—"Be th' powers, leddy, it was comfortable no longer when Ol saw you standin'."

"That was rough on Davis."

"What?"

"He stepped on a piece of orange peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."

"I suppose," said Jollyboy to his friend, "that when your wife caught you flirting with Miss Gofast she was speechless with amazement?"

"Oh, no, she wasn't!" said Talkerly. "You don't know my wife."

Admiring Patron—"I understand you are having trouble in meeting your creditors."

Artist—"Trouble in meeting them? Great Scott, man! I meet 'em every time I turn a corner—meet 'em everywhere!"

Askem—"Where is the rich heiress you're engaged to?"

Tellum—"You see that lovely girl in pink at the other side of the room?"

"Yes, I say, old man, what a superb—"

"Well, it isn't she. It's that grand old ruin in yellow sitting next her."

"This here theosophy business won't do," said the practical politician.

"No?" said the idle listener.

"No! Nay! Niti! Imagine raking a fellow's record of 5,000 years ago up against him."

"I don't mind the city so much, now—I'm getting accustomed to its ways."

"Are you? How?"

"Well, I used to turn two somersaults every time I got off a street-car, and now I turn only one."

Little Polly Michael Rode upon her cycle, Exposing more, alas! than just her toes; Her mother came and caught her, And whipped her little daughter For wheeling in such shamefully short clothes.

An Irishman who had been arrested for assault and battery and who was conducting his own case, finally secured a witness by whom he expected to prove an alibi.

"See here, now, Tim. Till the court where Ol was when Ol hit the mon in the nose in front of the city hall."

"You wor down in Mill Valley fishing with Dan O'Connell," said the witness, "and it's a mighty bad thing that ye didn't make the trip before the foight."

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